



No. 296.—VOL. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1898.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



THE COUNTESS OSEY KINSKY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS ALICE HUGHES, GOWER STREET.

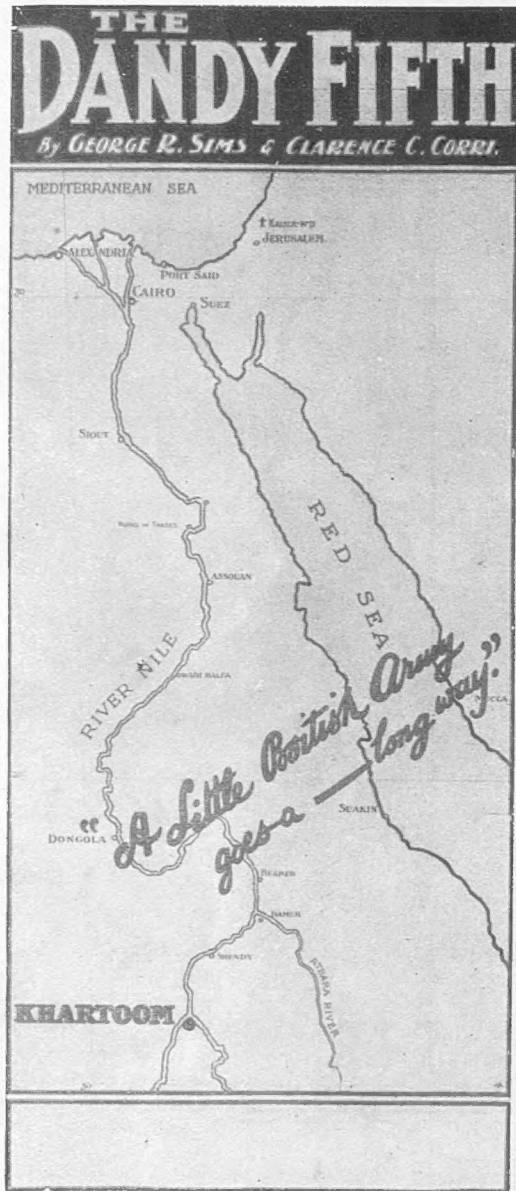


## THE RETURN OF THREE OLD FRIENDS.

## THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. KENDAL.

Players encountered the return of three old friends and welcomed them gladly—Mrs. Kendal at the St. James's, Mr. Chevalier at the Royalty, and "The Sorcerer" at the Savoy. Mrs. Kendal comes first, for her entry was a great triumph for herself, and an encouragement to the two new dramatists, Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Mr. Metcalfe Wood, who supplied her with "The Elder Miss Blossom." The comedy may be a little farcical at times. Moreover, the last act undoubtedly is artificial and unconvincing, but, as a whole, the study of the love-affair of Dorothy Blossom shows a sincere effort to write true drama and a sense of character as well as stagecraft to support the effort. The tale of Andrew Quick, the man of science, who, when on the point of leaving Europe for a three years' voyage, forgetful that he is middle-aged, falls

in love with a young girl, makes an offer of marriage by post, misdirects his letter, gets an acceptance from her Aunt Dorothy, cherishes, ignorant of the mistake, her letter, and comes back to England full of love and hope to find himself cruelly entangled, does not seem to promise very much for the stage. Nevertheless, by aid of a neat act of exposition, the authors succeed in leading up to a powerful, truly written scene, where Andrew tells the woman who loves him and has been waiting for him that it is her niece whom he loves. This, owing to excellent writing and superb acting, gave quite a thrilling emotion to us. One may be tempted to forget the authors when thinking of the acting, so I make haste to say that this scene is really an admirable piece of artistic workmanship, the one false line in which seems to be Dorothy's, "Won't you give me a kiss?" We have many players, but we rarely see acting such as Mrs. Kendal's. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any per-



AN INGENIOUS NEW POSTER.

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formance given of late years by any English-speaking artist of such superb quality. So vivid was her depiction of the grief, of the dismay of the almost heart-broken mature woman, that for a while the piece was more poignant and tragic than if we had had the shrieks of lover for murdered lover, of mother for dead child. Indeed, I doubt whether in the same space of time more tears were ever shed in a theatre than during the scene in which the middle-aged man is telling the almost middle-aged woman that her love for him and belief in his love for her are ill-founded. After such a scene, one was obliged to have a happy ending, in the awakening of love, sincere love, in the heart of Quick for the woman whom he has unwittingly injured. The magnificent acting of Mrs. Kendal tends to render one forgetful of the others, yet the effect of the artistic, tactful playing of Mr. Kendal should not be overlooked, nor should one pass by such clever people as Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Rudge Harding, Mr. Percy Ames, and Miss Nellie Campbell. How sincerely the true playgoer hopes that "The Elder Miss Blossom" will be so successful as to force Mr. and Mrs. Kendal once more to make their home in London, for Mrs. Kendal has demonstrated once again that she is a superb mistress of her art, by way not merely of instinct but by long experience.

## CHEVALIER AS DRAMATIST.

Mr. Chevalier, after conquering the halls by performances of a delightful quality, has essayed the very difficult task of writing the libretto for a musical play, and written the book of "The Land of Nod," which, after a jaunt in the country, is now presenting itself at the Royalty Theatre. This piece tells of a dream, the dream of Professor Peter Pinder, a violent opponent of the now unfashionable Occultism. One evening, after denouncing violently the whole Mahatma business at Exeter Hall, he eats, against the wish of his wife, a pork-chop, and the play consists of his nightmare. In it we are shown that an Indian, powerful in the occult business, works vengeance on the Professor by changing his identity and by forcing him to assume that of his butler, Sims, and witness the courtship of his wife, supposed to be a widow, by his oldest friend. There is, indeed, some compensation in the nightmare even for such horrors, seeing that the Professor makes the acquaintance of a number of Houris, and gets gladly upon caressing terms with the handsomest of them. This device of a dream is used in order to enable Mr. Chevalier pertinently to introduce a collection of character-songs. He appears as a nigger, and gives a very clever kind of skit upon the popular coon-song, and he sang a very neatly written song about a fashionable conductor and another song as a dapper Frenchman. An ingenious turn is given to the awakening by Mr. Chevalier, who contrives a logical means of bringing in all the characters of his dream. The subject chosen by the author is one of very great difficulty, particularly for a writer of inexperience, and it is surprising that he has accomplished his task so well. The music, by Mr. Alfred H. West, is very good of its kind. There is less suggestion of the borrowing of melodies than is generally heard in modern musical play. He handles the orchestra gracefully, and sometimes with very nice effect, and his melodies are telling, if not quite full of individuality. Some numbers, such as the song of the musical conductor, really have great swing and movement. Mr. Chevalier's acting was somewhat affected by undue slowness in the part of the Professor, but he certainly showed no little sense of character. Miss Violet Robinson, as the principal Houris, sang charmingly, and Mr. Homer Lind used his rich, powerful voice in excellent style, nor should the picturesque performance of Mr. Julian Cross be overlooked.

## THE REVIVAL OF "THE SORCERER."

Perhaps the title is a trifle inexact, since "The Sorcerer" is a little less than two months short of its majority; it may be added, however, that it is almost as young as ever. Perhaps to apply Mr. Vernon Blackburn's ideas in his brilliant essay on "Modernity in Music" to so frivolous a work may seem a little disproportionate, but one may adopt his views and suggest that, both as regards music and book, "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer" must have great intrinsic qualities, seeing that they still possess charm, though they have lost the adventitious aid of novelty, of "modernity." Of course, there were many in the house who had never seen either of the works; nevertheless, the hearty applause was not confined to them, for the oldest of friends had a warm greeting for "The Sorcerer" and for its elder brother, "Trial by Jury," born on Lady Day, 1875, at the Royalty Theatre, and also for the admirable band of artists who now perform these pioneer works. It is with a sigh of regret that I notice there is no name to-day in the cast of those who took part in the original performances—in fact, Miss Brandram, who appeared in the 1884 revival at the Savoy of "The Sorcerer," is the nearest to an original performer; her singing and style of playing are of great service. Of course, the main figure in "The Sorcerer" is John Wellington Wells, the part which made the reputation of Mr. George Grossmith; it may be doubted whether Mr. Passmore, though very comic as the Usher in "Trial by Jury," fully realised the humour of "The Sorcerer"; a little touch of exuberance seemed to detract from the quality of his work. On the other hand, Mr. Henry Lytton seemed quite an ideal Parson Dale. Perhaps one misses the note of caricature in the speech of Mr. Barrington, but the very pretty music was charmingly sung, and a real note of character was maintained throughout. It may be that we shall always put forward Mr. Fred Sullivan as the ideal judge; one certainly may say of Mr. Lytton in the part, that he is "a good judge too." Miss McAlpine is a very quaint and droll Mrs. Partlett, and Miss Emmie Owen gay and lively as her daughter Constance. To Miss Ruth Vincent, who made a great hit in "The Beauty Stone," is given the part of Aline, the music of which does not quite suit the timbre of her voice, though she sang some passages charmingly and acted very well. As Alexis, Mr. Evett, a newcomer to the Savoy, sang the by no means easy music most effectively. In "Trial by Jury," Miss Isabel Jay pleased everybody by her acting and the charm of her person, her voice, and style of singing. One must not overlook the work of Mr. Jones Hewson. To say that the Savoy orchestra, which of late years, in the more subtle, complicated music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, has had some very difficult tasks, gave a capital rendering of both pieces is almost needless, whilst to mention that the rehearsals have been conducted by Mr. Gilbert is to prove that the chorus went like clockwork.

E. F. S.



"IT'S A PUT IT AWAYST IT."

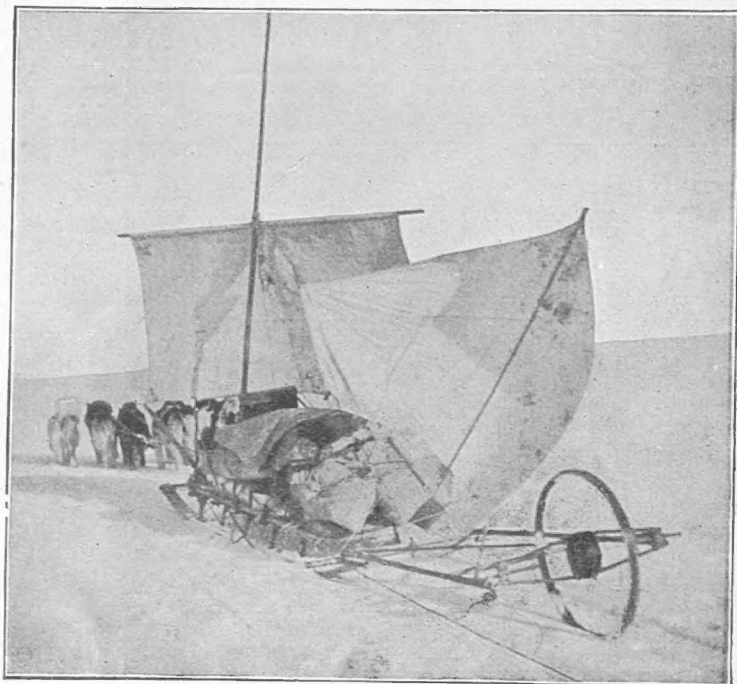
DRAWN BY PHIL. MAY.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "NORTHWARD," WITH PEARY.\*

Peary's book is like Peary's talk—it is direct, virile, graphic, business-like. For it is somewhat odd that, although we have had among us of recent years several Arctic explorers, there are few points on which we could say they resemble one another—unless it be the predilection for



OVER THE "GREAT ICE" (HELPED WITH THE WIND).

Reproduced from "Northward Over the 'Great Ice.'"

reproducing journals of the greatest bulk. Consequently, it is quite easy to say that this is of Nansen and Nansen-like, and that this is of Peary and Peary-like.

Now, Peary has his characteristics marked very strongly, but, if I were asked to say which of them is the strongest, I am certain I should not hesitate to say that it is his infinite capacity for getting down to bed-rock. Peary was lunching with me just before he sailed for America, and I was questioning him about the minimum to which he had reduced his marching outfit. He replied, "I have brought it down to the absolute necessities of existence. There are no frills in my outfit." That is just Peary: there are no "frills" about him, no "frills" about his Arctic work, and, in my judgment, no "frills" about his book—always excepting the excellence of paper and printing and turn-out which Messrs. Methuen have bestowed on it.

Let me give another instance of the thoroughness of Peary's methods, the drastic way in which he brings his equipment and impedimenta down to bed-rock. He supplies it for us in his "Introduction," on the page where he is talking about the value of sled-dogs. Of course, the great drawback in a foodless region is the enormous weight of the rations which have to be taken for the dogs. It is easily conceivable that, if a prolonged journey were provided for, the rations for the dogs would be about as much as the dogs could draw. To Peary, I think, belongs the credit of *using dogs for dog-food*. The plan is simple. Take any number of dogs—fifty, sixty, seventy, or whatever number you require—and, say, one month's rations for them, and when you come to the end of your provisions, feed the dogs on their colleagues. The value of this plan—the maximum value—is to be found in the position when two explorers support themselves during the last few days of their march on their very last dog, that useful creature having previously absorbed all the rest of the pack.

Peary is not very well known in England, not nearly so well known as he ought to be. I put that down to his having entirely dedicated himself to the serious work of exploring Greenland, and having had no leisure in consequence for the sweet uses of advertisement. Some—perhaps many—people think he is a newcomer to the Arctic field. On the contrary, he is the veteran of modern Arctic explorers. It is twelve years since he made his first attempt from Disco to explore the silent, lifeless world of the great Inland Ice. Since 1891 he has been continuously at work—almost continuously in the field. Nansen was the first to be fortunate enough to cross Greenland, it is true; but he crossed it in one of its narrowest parts, and in a latitude about one thousand miles farther south than Peary did. But there is no need to institute comparisons; each man is in his own sphere pre-eminent. Nansen takes "the Gold" for the most successful method of navigating an ice-laden sea; Peary takes a similar reward for the most successful method of traversing an ice-floored desert.

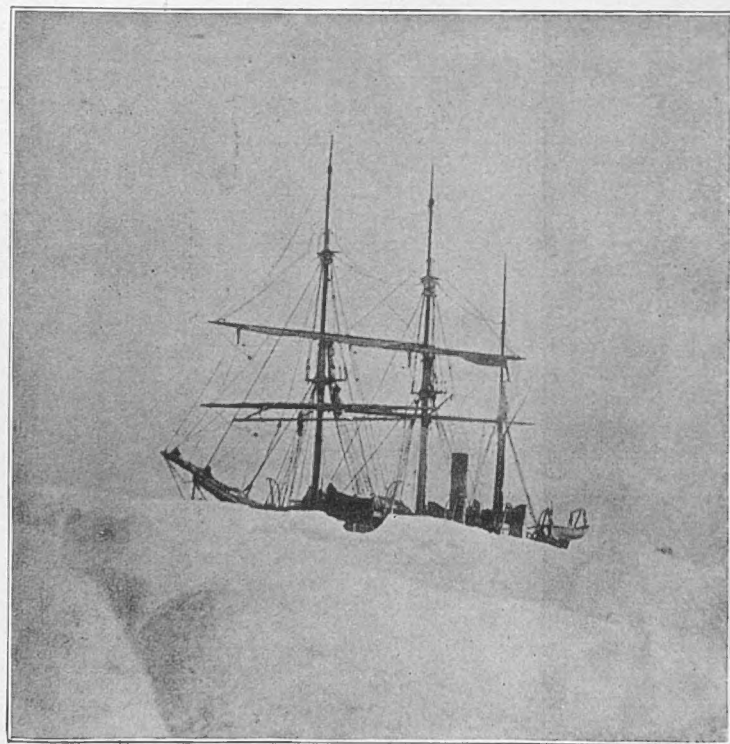
Few of us can realise what Greenland is like; but this book will

help us. It will show us, day after day, week after week, and year after year, what it means to live and work and *advance* under climatic difficulties we can scarcely exaggerate. And it must not be thought that Greenland is a flat frozen tundra or plain. It is nothing of the kind. Roughly, where Peary has crossed it four times, it is about seven hundred miles wide. For the first three hundred and fifty you are painfully climbing up from sea-level to about nine thousand feet above the sea. The most piercing winds sweep down from the crest of the divide; the whole snowy surface is in movement—it sweeps up to your feet like driven foam, it climbs up your body, and you turn and look, and lo! the dead world is quivering and alive; as far round and as far up as you can see, the whole world is floating, whirling, pirouetting; and this whole world is but one great drift of the finest, sharpest, coldest snow. And that is but one difficulty.

You camp down; the wind is still rising, the thermometer falling. You protect your dogs as well as you can, and then you protect yourself. For three days you lie in camp, gnawing frozen cubes of meat, painfully recording amazing temperatures. At the end of the third day the weather becomes tolerable, and you dig yourself and baggage out of the snow around and above you—you have long ago lost sight of the roof of your tent. Then you crawl out to the dogs. In spite of continued care and their Arctic blood, some are frozen to death, while you have to chop many of the rest out of the half-ice, half-snow moulds which have formed around them. Everything is as hard as steel, as stiff as iron. The intense cold has made it almost impossible to utilise any part of your equipment without first spending many hours of preparation upon it. And that is but another difficulty.

But, in spite of these difficulties—and many more—Peary has stuck steadily to his great work. Year after year he has returned to it; again and again, at the regularly recurring risk of his life, has he once more pushed "Northward over the 'Great Ice.'" And he has met his reward in success, for to-day, as he passes once more out of our ken in his direct march for the North Pole, he stands out head and shoulders above any explorer of Greenland and its Inland Ice.

All this splendid work which he has done is enshrined in these two volumes. As he himself says, somewhat pathetically, "This book will clear the field for something further, or will form the complete record of my Arctic work." As the book lies in front of me, I must most heartily congratulate all concerned in its production. The illustrations are nearly a thousand in number, and the original photographs were obviously selected with true scientific instinct. The record itself is invaluable to all Arctic students. From first to last it is a readable, pleasant, useful chronicle of real exploration. It approaches almost every conceivable Arctic problem: it throws light on them all. It neither magnifies, nor minimises, nor ignores. It is eminently satisfactory in its historical completeness; it is a book with no wide gaps or overcrowded moments. Soliloquy is there, but under due restraint. In a word, we find a story dealing with every important science, including the science of Arctic Man; a true story, narrating



ICE-BOUND.

Reproduced from "Northward Over the 'Great Ice.'"

a record of a great endurance and, happily, of a great achievement; a story which must bring blood to the heart of every one of us while we sit and watch this one white man, with his faithful coloured servant, undergoing the most awful risks, suffering the greatest privations, pressing onward to his goal undaunted, and coming back to tell his tale unharmed!

\* "Northward Over the 'Great Ice.'" By Robert E. Peary, U.S.N. 2 Vols. London: Methuen and Co.



## AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

## THE WHITE-BACKED CROW-SHRIKE.

There are two species of White-Backed Crow-Shrikes, one of which is found on the mainland of Australia, the other being peculiar to Tasmania. In appearance the two are so much alike that it is easy to mistake one for the other; but in disposition they differ widely, the Australian bird being extremely shy and difficult to approach, shunning man with a jealousy that suggests an uneasy conscience, while the Tasmanian species is easily tamed. The birds would not be worthy of the land of contrariety did they possess the voices their corvine character indicates as appropriate. The notes of the Australian White-Backed Crow-Shrike are distinctly musical—indeed, its near relation, differing from it only in possession of a black patch on the shoulders, is known as the Piping Crow; that the name is deserved anyone will admit who has heard the flute-like voice of the bird in the "Zoo." The Tasmanian species is less gifted in this respect. The White Magpie, as it is sometimes called, has a powerful voice of considerable volume and penetration, but is unfortunately so ignorant of the elements of music that its best efforts have been likened to a hand-organ out of tune, whence its other familiar name of Organ Bird. The Organ Bird has much in common with the Magpie; it is, as already said, easily tamed, and, in addition, possesses great imitative talent, quickly learning to whistle simple tunes and pronounce words. All the Crow-Shrikes—there are four species—are of pastoral habit, and lead blameless lives on the open plains and downs. They spend much time on the ground, running and hopping with great agility in pursuit of the grasshoppers and other insects which form their staple diet. They build high up in lofty red gum-trees, and in a nest not unlike that of the rook bring up a small family of three. The shyness of the Australian White-Backed Crow-Shrike is the more noteworthy because its near relative, the Piping Crow, is curiously friendly. The former is never seen near the settler's homestead; the latter only requires the smallest encouragement to become as nearly a bore as it is in the nature of an inoffensive bird to be, and, if fed with any regularity, speedily attaches itself to its patron, and becomes a pensioner on the outdoor relief list.

## STRANGE USES OF WAR MATERIAL.

When a captured cannon nowadays becomes obsolete it is probably melted down and the material used again for various purposes of a utilitarian character; but in days of yore the spoils of war were apparently reserved as mementoes of the glorious victories by which they were obtained. The number of English and Colonial towns that can boast of a piece of artillery captured in the Crimean War is not a small one, and Waterloo guns were presented ere the century grew old to individuals deserving of the honour. One of these cannon was given to a Mr. Boyd,

who at the time of the Queen's Coronation was Lord High Constable of Scotland, and was mounted on his yacht, which was eventually wrecked off Port Macquarie in the early 'fifties, where it came in useful when an attack of natives from the Solomon Islands threatened to overwhelm the enterprising navigators on board of her. This cannon now lies alongside two Russian guns, captured at Sebastopol, in the city of Auckland. Russian guns enter largely into the composition of the Crimean Monument in Waterloo Place.

The wayfarer who crosses London Bridge is probably unaware of the fact that the lamp-posts that grace the same were cast from the French cannon captured in the Peninsular War, and, therefore, with Waterloo Bridge, commemorate the victories of Wellington. The greatest of all Wellington's victories is commemorated and the famous conqueror honoured by the four metal panels that form a part of the Wellington Monument in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, which were made from cannon taken at Waterloo, while in the same park the metal contained in the equestrian statue of Viscount Gough was originally used for artillery

by the Sikhs and Chinese, from whom the pieces were captured in the wars conducted by the warrior they now honour. The Achilles Statue in Hyde Park and the Wellington Statue at Aldershot were also cast from French cannon, twelve of which are contained in the first-mentioned memorial.

Before the eminent geologist Sir Roderick Impey Murchison embarked on his scientific researches he was an officer in the Army, and as such served in the Peninsular War. When he left the Army, in 1815, he conceived the quaint conceit, which he eventually carried out, of having his sword made into a geological hammer, with which he afterwards gained rare renown.

In contradistinction to the many gorgeous emblems of sovereignty that grace the heads of various European royalties at the time of their coronation, many of which are valued at hundreds of thousands of pounds, and one at least, that of Portugal, at over a million, the crown

of Roumania is made of bronze alone, the metal having been taken in fragmentary portions from sixty-two different cannon captured from the enemy.

Two hundred and twelve cannon taken from Sebastopol, and forming the French portion of the spoil, were melted down to form a colossal statue of the Virgin, fifty-three feet high, which now graces the summit of a lofty rock called Mount Corneille at Le Puy-en-Velay, a town about seventy miles to the south-west of Lyons.

The statue on the top of the Nelson column is formed of two stones taken from the Granton Quarry, but the capital is of bronze, and it will interest many to learn that it was cast from cannon recovered from the *Royal George*, the ill-fated vessel that sank in 1782 and remained at the bottom of the sea for almost half-a-century.

There is one cannon, however, that will probably never be melted and never discharged, although its value amounts to £5000. This gun, which was recently presented to the Imperial Army of Berlin by the Managers of the Hamburg Museum, who had it in their keeping for two centuries, is made of solid gold, mounted on a rosewood carriage which is set with precious stones.



WHITE-BACKED CROW-SHRIKES.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.



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## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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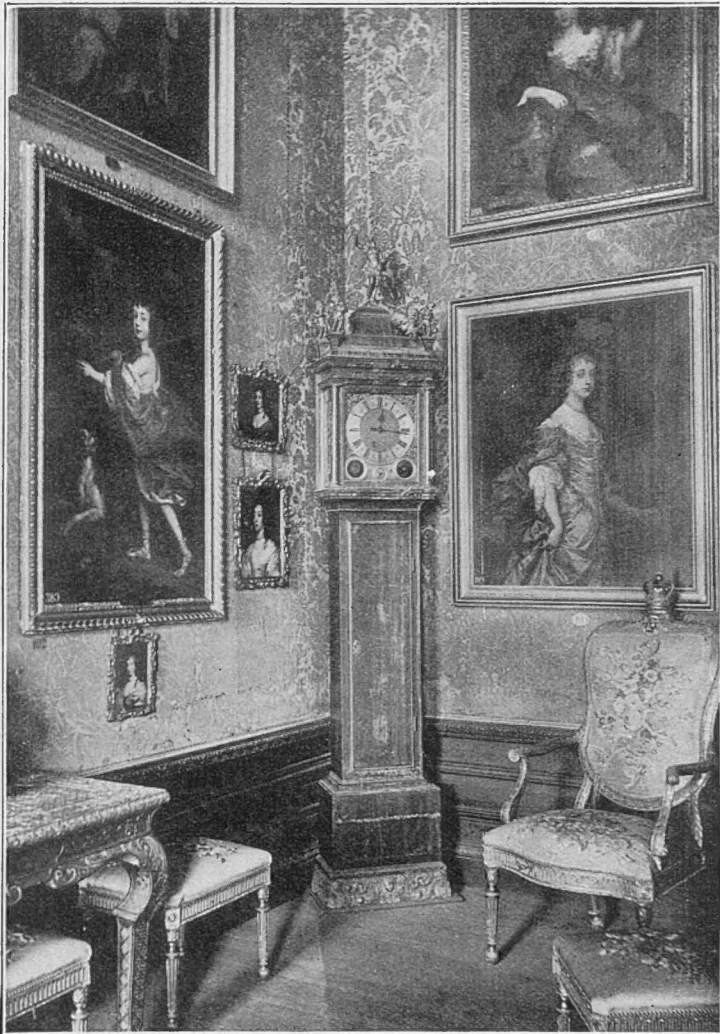
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A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. By A. O. BRAZIER. Illustrations by Frances Ewan.  
THE EARLY HOMES OF OUR PRINCESS: ROYALTY IN DENMARK. By MARY SPENCER WARREN. With Illustrations.  
THE ADVENTURE OF PETER THE MOUJIK. By LUCY HARDY.  
THE DARK PRINCE. By NORA HOPPER. Illustration by Lancelot Speed.  
PSYCHE. Sculptured by MULLER.  
THE MODERN ICARUS: THE NEWEST OF FLYING MACHINES. With Illustrations.  
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HANGING ROCK, CHILLAGOE, QUEENSLAND.  
ROCKS WITH FUNNY FACES. With Illustrations from Photographs.  
RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS. With Illustrations.  
THE KINDNESS OF MRS. RUTHERFORD. By CHARLES ANGUS.  
THE PITMAN: THE ROMANCE OF HIS TOIL. By JOHN PENDLETON. With Illustrations from Photographs.  
IN THE PUBLIC EYE. With Illustrations.  
AT DIAMOND PRICE. By MARGARETTA BYRDE. Illustrations by R. Lucas.  
THE OTHER DAY. By G. C. P.  
HOW BRITISH SUBJECTS HAVE MADE RUSSIA. By J. M. BULLOCK.  
PHEASANT. Illustration from Photograph.  
COUNT HATZFELDT AND THE GERMAN EMBASSY. By J. F. F. With Illustrations from Photographs.  
OLD AGE PENSIONS. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING. With Diagrams by J. Holt Schooling.  
COME, SWEET LASS. Drawn by Gilbert James.  
ROSES, YELLOW AND BLUE. By B. MILNE. Illustrations by Florence Reason.  
THE EVOLUTION OF A PIANO. With Illustrations.

OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

"My grandfather's clock" has disappeared as completely as if it had never been, but Hampton Court Palace still resounds with the tick of a clock which stands in William the Third's Bedroom, and which has recently been repaired by Messrs. Gaydon and Sons, of Kingston-on-Thames, by order of the Board of Works. This wonderful clock was



THE CLOCK AT HAMPTON COURT THAT DOES NOT NEED TO BE WOUND UP.

made by Dan Quare about the year 1660. It stands in a very tall oak case, with heavy ormolu mounts, and there are several particulars in which it is almost if not quite unique. In the first place, it goes for twelve months at a time without winding. But more remarkable than this is the ingenious mechanism of the clock. It is what is known as a "calendar" clock, recording, besides the seconds, minutes, and hours, the days of the months and the months of the year. This, of course, is to be found in plenty of other clocks, but the unique feature of the Hampton Court timepiece is that it also, by self-adjusting mechanism, shows the time of sunrise and sunset for every day of the year, and there is a clever arrangement by which the mechanism can be adapted to any latitude, so that in any part of the world the clock would automatically give the hours of sunrise and sunset. The last time the clock was overhauled was early in the present century, when it was altered from an old recoil to a dead-beat escapement by Vulliamy. For the last forty years, however, the clock had not been wound up. It speaks well for the splendid workmanship of our ancestors that, with slight exceptions, Messrs. Gaydon found the works in as perfect condition as when the clock was originally made, and there is no reason why it should not last for another two hundred years. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and does not vary a second in a month. It may be mentioned that Dan Quare was the first man to apply the minute-hand to clocks.

It was as a clever and fearless horsewoman that the late Empress of Austria was best known in this country. She made her first appearance in the English hunting-field in 1878, when she took up her quarters in Northamptonshire to hunt with the Pytchley. The following season saw her in Meath, a country which calls for the best of jumpers and the boldest of riders. Her Majesty found the premier Irish country to her taste, for she returned to Meath in 1880, and would have repeated her stay in the subsequent season but for the agrarian troubles, which rendered it unadvisable. Failing Meath, she elected to try Cheshire, and liked the country well enough to go back in 1882. Until that season the responsible duty of "piloting" the Empress had fallen to the late Captain "Bay" Middleton, who was a most brilliant man in the hunting-field and "between the flags." It was a big fence that stopped

Captain Middleton, but he never found one so big that the Empress did not follow his lead. It was the rule when her Majesty was out with hounds that none of the field, except her pilot, should ride in front of her.

The terror of the Spanish authorities with reference to the possibilities of a Carlist rising have led to several amusing incidents. For instance, great excitement was caused the other day in Valladolid by a poorly dressed man, who was observed running through one of the principal streets and shouting at the top of his voice, "Long live Don Carlos! Long live Don Carlos!" The man was at once arrested, and, to his evident amazement, taken to the police-station, where he inquired in great perplexity what offence he had committed. When he was told that he had emitted treasonable cries, his perplexity seemed only to be increased, and when he was reminded that he had been heard cheering for Don Carlos, he burst out laughing and explained that the Don Carlos who had aroused his enthusiasm was a certain Don Carlos Garcia who had just given him fifteen pesetas by mistake instead of fifteen reals. It was some time before the authorities accepted this somewhat suspicious explanation; but, when they had investigated the facts and satisfied themselves of their truth, there was nothing for it but to let the man go.

Advocates of the short-service system will find a strong argument in the fact that both in the Soudan and at the recent Salisbury Plain Manœuvres it was noticed that the young soldiers of twenty-two or twenty-three bore the heat and fatigue of marching better than the older men.

The cosmopolitan character of the British Army is evinced in the name of Subadar-Major Sirdar Bahadur Solomon Elijah, who died at Poona recently, and was buried in the Jewish Cemetery with full military honours. The band of the regiment and a large number of European officers attended the funeral. The Subadar-Major had served with his regiment more than forty years, and was at the siege and capture of Ghuznee and through the first Afghan War. He fought also at Mooltan, Goojerat, and in Central India.

The 1st Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment (33rd) have had a somewhat peculiar experience. A little while ago they were ordered home from Malta, to be stationed at Lichfield. Then they were put back and ordered to Egypt. The fall of Omdurman rendered this move unnecessary, so they were told to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to England, to be stationed at Bradford; this order was again changed, and Shorncliffe was given as their destination. However, when they at length reached England, they were sent to Dover, where they remain.



THE ASSASSIN OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPRESS LAUGHED AND SANG WHEN ARRESTED.



Modern progress finds its way into the most unexpected places. In spite of the persistent legend that the Sultan objected to electric-light, because he connected the word "dynamo" with dynamite, his palace of Yildiz has for a long time been lighted throughout with electricity; and now the Pope has decided to follow suit in the Vatican. The motive-power is supplied by a large water-fall, known as the Aquilone, near the Leonina Tower. His Holiness is taking a great interest in the works, which he visits every morning between seven and nine, and their completion is to be solemnly inaugurated on the first of next January. It is hoped that the electricity may be extended to the Museum and Library of the Vatican, where it would have a very imposing effect at night-time. Until 1870 they could be seen by torchlight as a special favour, but the number of gratuities which had to be given made the sight so expensive that only very rich travellers or large parties of tourists could manage it.

A correspondent sends me a description of the Leonina Tower, which was built by order of Leo IX. about ten centuries ago for the purpose of defending the Città Leonina, a suburb of Rome, from the invasion of the Saracens—

It was built of great strength, and inside there is a corridor about three feet wide by thirty feet long, with rooms on each side, and it was so constructed that it is quite free from all vibrations, even those caused by the railway that runs almost alongside. The Saracens never came there, and the building was never used for the purpose for which it was intended, and in course of time became so neglected that vegetation flourished inside, and it became the home of owls until the year of the present Pope's Jubilee, 1888, when he having received many presents of scientific instruments for the Vatican Exhibition, Father Denza proposed that an Observatory should be established in the Vatican at the same spot where Pope Gregory XIII. made the correction of the Julian Calendar—that is, altered the date of equinox to our present system, which is thirteen days earlier than what is still the Russian Calendar. Consequently, an Observatory was established in Gregory Tower, but Father Denza, knowing the importance of astronomy with its more modern methods, obtained permission to build—owing to its stability—an Observatory on top of Leonina Tower for the purpose of astronomical photography, it being splendidly situated for the purpose, being further from the city, influence of electric-light, and impurity of atmosphere, also its stability being very fitted for seismological observations, and it is considered that modern construction would not have realised the necessary conditions already existing in the strong old tower of Leonina. And it has been found that the telescope erected there for taking sky-photographs is so stable that no displacement can be perceived, and the earthquake instruments

are so exceedingly sensitive, while being free from artificial movement. It is really wonderful how old buildings can be utilised for purposes so different than originally intended even when constructed by one so far-seeing as Pope Leo IX., who was wishful to protect himself against a human force, while the present Pope gave his permission for the construction of an Observatory for the purpose of investigating or observing a natural and more dangerous force that so often troubles Italy, namely, earthquake.



WILHELMINA WILL NOT HAVE THIS STAMP.

It seems that the Pope will leave the financial state of the Holy See in a much more flourishing condition than he found it. Pius IX. enriched the Papal See by a sum of £2,000,000, but Leo XIII. has, it seems, more than doubled this, and has prudently deposited the sum in the principal banks of Europe. The See has no debts, the present Pope having cleared off all that existed. Every year the Papal budget shows a sensible surplus. The three Jubilees of Leo XIII. procured him a vast number of presents of great value. The total value of them has been estimated at nearly £2,000,000. Among these magnificent gifts were twenty tiaras ornamented with precious stones, 319 gold crosses adorned with diamonds and other precious gems, 1200 gold and silver chalices, 81 rings, one of which was given by the Sultan and is worth £20,000; the biggest diamond in the world, given by President Kruger, and valued at nearly a million; and thousands of other precious things of every kind, among them seven statuettes of solid gold.

Queen Wilhelmina has had her hair done up for some new stamps to the value of one, two and a-half, and five gulden. They were issued on Coronation Day, but have since been withdrawn in consequence of her Majesty's disapproving of the portrait, which makes her look much older than she is. These stamps are likely to become very scarce, as Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich, to whom I am indebted for this example, have been able to obtain only three specimens.

The Spaniards in their present scarcity of ready money are trying to turn an honest penny by issuing a set of eight commemorative stamps, not in honour of the termination of the American War, but for the Tercentenary of Philip II. As they are only to pass current to the end of the year, there would probably be a great run upon them, and they ought to prove a remunerative investment.

I hear that the Prince and Princess of Bulgaria are likely to visit Athens soon, but, unless public opinion has changed there very much of late, they must not count upon a very cordial reception. The same thing would seem to apply to the proposed visit there of the Emperor William on his way back from Palestine.

The severe Press laws now being enforced in Spain are mild in comparison with those which King Milan has now devised for baffling hostile journals in Servia. No one may be an editor who is not thirty years of age and in possession of a University diploma, and £200 must be deposited as a guarantee for any fines which may be imposed. Hardest of all, when an article is condemned at the last moment by the Censor,

it is forbidden to advertise the fact to the public by bringing out the paper with a blank space. However, the same result may doubtless be accomplished, as has been done in Spain, by the introduction of obvious padding in the most conspicuous parts of the paper.

Mr. Hall Caine has gone to America, where "The Christian" was produced on Monday. And his mission (I am told) is the true Christian's, for I note in an American contemporary that he has gone to cement the bonds between Britain and the States. There are several Englishmen at that game.

The Greek papers are very angry because the most precious manuscripts of the Convent of Patmos "have taken," as they express it, "like so many other priceless objects, the road for England, having been bought by a greedy Englishman from the stupid monks of the convent."

The fashion of wearing button-holes in France has "gone out." Why? No one knows. Even Baroness Staffe is sorry, though the fashion had a suspiciously English look about it that hardly told in its favour in the eyes of this lady. On the other hand, a fashion that, if the Baroness is to be credited, has "come in" is that of wearing a microscopic watch in lieu of a stud in the centre of the dress-shirt. She fancies this must be copied on some English or American fashion. I also learn from the same authority that the "dive," the present form of masculine bow, may make or mar a man's reputation in Parisian drawing-rooms. If he cannot make his *plongeon* in the approved fashion, he need never aspire to hold up his head in polite society.

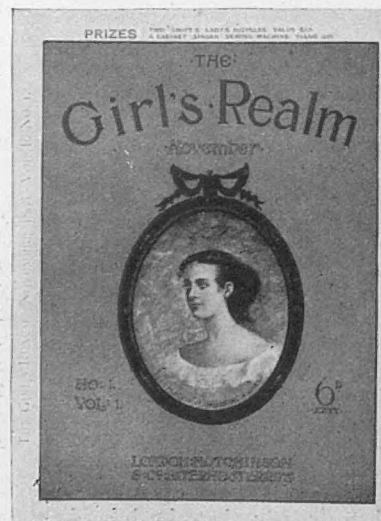


MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S IDEA OF HALL CAINE.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Company have made some alterations in their train service for October. A limited Pullman will run from Victoria every Sunday at 11 a.m., returning from Brighton at 9 p.m., running between London and Brighton in one hour. A first-class train will follow it, doing the distance in an hour and a-quarter. The 11.50 p.m. theatre-train from Victoria, which has hitherto run only on Thursdays and Saturdays, will run every week-night. A new train will be run from Victoria at 10 a.m. to Eastbourne every Sunday, returning at 8.50 p.m.

One day, no doubt, a genealogist will make an interesting study in the family history of magazines. Every successful magazine, nowadays, seems to be destined to have descendants. The groups are ever growing, and among the latest of journalistic bantlings is the *Girl's Realm*, child of Messrs. Hutchinson's successful magazine, the *Lady's Realm*. The *Girl's Realm* will be closely allied to its parent, and will be

contributed to by an equally distinguished body of writers. Its object will be to provide an up-to-date, high-class magazine, dealing with everything of interest to girls. The earlier numbers will contain articles and stories from the pens of such well-known writers as Mr. Crockett, Rosa N. Carey, the Duchess of Somerset, and the Bishop of Ripon; while on the lists of artists appear the distinguished names of Mr. G. F. Watts, Walter Crane, Lady Butler, and many others. I reproduce the cover of the first number, which appears in October. The note of the magazine will be distinction.



THE LATEST MAGAZINE.

I have received from Hankow a mysterious communication in French, somewhat after the manner of a Post Office announcement, headed "Notice Préliminaire." Then follows the motto, "A tout seigneur tout honneur," leading up to the announcement that a subscription will be opened next week, under the patronage of the French at Hankow, for the benefit of Monsieur Charles J. Payn, amateur photographer of the English and French municipalities ("Voir le journal *Sketch*, le premier juin"), with the object of erecting a statue to him, or, if the sums received do not permit that expense, he will be offered "A L'ŒIL," one dozen extra-rapid plates. The date of the paper is Aug. 10. What does it all mean?



Instead of fighting over vestments, the clergy might do worse than fight for the vestments of the police, as the Rev. C. Pierrepont Edwards has been doing in Southwark, where he was curate at St. Saviour's Church. On leaving for a living (and, let us hope also, a "living wage") at West Mersey, near Colchester, he was presented by the Southwark Division of the Metropolitan Police with a silver tea-service. Mr. Edwards has been of great service to the police, and has on occasion shown himself to be a muscular Christian. He has been known to administer a sound thrashing to a ruffian who chooses to terrorise the inhabitants of this poor and populous district, and it is said to his credit that he would think little of throwing off his clerical coat and fighting single-handed against a gang of desperadoes of the Hooligan brand. At one time the roughs bitterly hated him. Now they deeply respect him. He has assisted the police in severe tussles on many occasions, and the police are proud of his prowess and regret his coming departure. For the past fifteen years he has closely associated himself with the lowest classes of humanity and patrolled dangerous districts in various towns in the company of the police.



THE PARSON WHO USED TO HELP BOROUGH  
"BOBBIES."

*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*

Nearly all the sea-side resorts have benefited largely this year by the exceptional summer we have had, especially those places which, like Cromer, have recently come into popular favour. I was there six years ago, and again peeped at the place this autumn. What a transformation! There are now three first-class hotels on the sea-front, the Grand, the Métropole, and the Hotel de Paris, all doing apparently a thriving business, while numerous prosperous-looking red-brick villas have sprung up at the back of the town. Cromer has, however, lost its poor little pier, or "jetty," as it used to be called. The sea washed it away, and it is not, I believe, proposed to build another to take its place.

His first exploit was at Colchester Hunt Steeplechase Meeting, where he arrested a pickpocket. He afterwards went to Woolwich, and gave the police very valuable assistance in apprehending wife-beaters. He has himself been hurt only once, and that was at Leicester, where he received a black eye from a brute who gave the police considerable trouble. On one occasion, he successfully tackled three roughs who insulted his wife. Whenever he got a blow in, it was sure to tell, and the recipient never waited for more.

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"Put that key in your pocket!" said a Great Eastern Railway official at Ipswich station. I was in a carriage whose other occupants were ladies, and I thought they looked askance at the presence of one of the inferior sex; so I thought to please them and myself at the same



MISS TURNER, WHO HAS COME OF AGE.

*Photo by Winter, Derby.*

time by changing to a smoking-compartment. I found the doors all locked, so, on coming to an empty smoker, I unlocked the door with my own key, and hence the observation of the official. These railway people always act as though a passenger had no right to use a key, but I know of no law, by-law or otherwise, to prevent his doing so, and I recommend all passengers to holiday resorts on the Great Eastern Railway to carry a key; they will find it useful.

Littleover House, the residence of Mr. G. H. Turner, J.P., General Manager of the Midland Railway Company, is situated in the environs of the busy town of Derby, in the heart of the most picturesque scenery of the Midlands. The grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Turner's residence were thronged on the occasion of the garden-party given to celebrate the coming-of-age of their only daughter, Miss Hilda Turner. There was a comprehensive programme of amusements, including palmistry, the mutoscope, and a miscellaneous entertainment given by several well-known members of the Music-Hall Artists' Railway Association—Mr. Dan Leno, Miss Georgina Leno, Mr. Eugene Stratton, Mr. Bellonini, and others. The admirable orchestra of Messrs. Pike and King enlivened the fête. On the previous evening there was a ball at the Albert Hall, under the superintendence of Mr. Towle's lieutenants, Mr. H. Y. King and Mr. Cartmale. At the supper, served from the Midland Hotel, Sir Henry Bemrose, M.P., gave the health of the young lady.



THE HOPPERS' EXPRESS: EN-ROUTE FOR THE HOP-FIELDS BY TRACTION ENGINE.

*Photo by Preece, Hereford.*

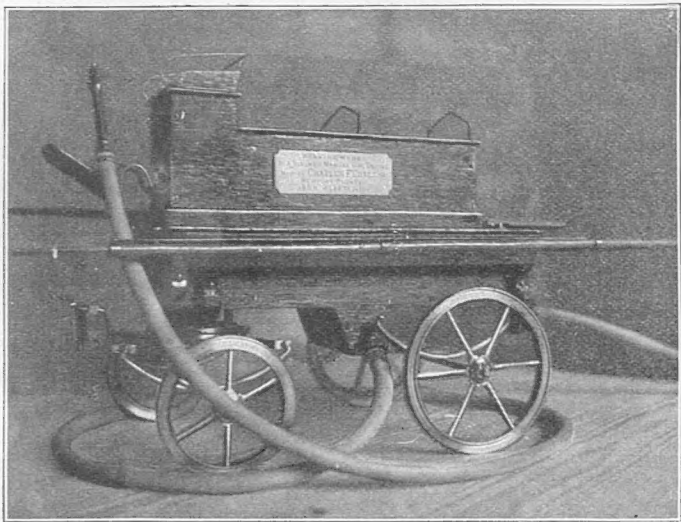


I learn that the little figure of Napoleon, which was perched in the niche of the wall of the Old Bell Inn, Holborn, is still in possession of the landlord, Mr. A. C. Bunyer, who could have sold the statuette for a large sum. "He will, I hope," writes Mr. Bunyer, "adorn the house I have taken at Margate and listen to the 'sad sea waves.' He was in that little niche when I was a child, and I am over sixty now, and I have no doubt that he was placed there soon after the Battle of Waterloo. The old house had been in possession of my family for nearly one hundred years. I was born there, and slept in the same room I was born in the night before I left, last September, and it was, and is still, great grief to me to be compelled to leave the 'good old home.'"

Monsignor Hacquart has just been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of the Soudan and of the Sahara. He is a regular type of the Church militant, like the late Primate of Africa, who died last spring, and he has also an intimate knowledge of the remoter parts of northern Africa. He accompanied Lieutenant Hourst on his voyage of exploration up the Niger, and on his return delivered two excellent lectures before the French Geographical Society. He received at the same time the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the French Government.

It is an amusing instance of the irony of chance that the Collar of the Golden Fleece, which has just been conferred upon M. Félix Faure, was the very one which had belonged to Bismarck. It is also said that the one now worn by King Humbert once adorned the shoulders of Christopher Columbus, but that is less easy to verify.

Charles F. Coales, of Newport Pagnell, a lad of thirteen, is a remarkable boy. He is the son of the captain of the Newport Pagnell



A FIRE-MANUAL WHICH HAS BEEN INVENTED BY A BOY.

Fire Brigade (who, by the way, has been connected with the brigade for thirty years), and he seems to have inherited his father's mechanical skill and his love for Fire Brigade work, for he has invented a fire-manual. The model, which is carefully worked out to scale, one-eighth to one inch, from Captain Shaw's treatise, acts perfectly, and every part is beautifully made, and is distinctly creditable to its youthful constructor. It occupied in the working some seven months, on and off. One can well understand that its construction demanded no mean amount of patience and perseverance, and too frequently such models are begun never to be completed. Master Coales keenly interests himself in the workings of the local Fire Brigade, and should the engine require repair, he will not be far away when the repairs are being effected, and he has rendered useful services on such occasions.

In the death of M. Alexandre Walewski, Consul-General at Naples, the French Diplomatic Service loses a member of uncommonly interesting antecedents. M. Walewski was a son of the celebrated tragédienne Rachel. His father was the Count Colonna-Walewski, Minister and President of the Legislative Corps under Napoleon III. The Count Colonna-Walewski was said to have been the son of Napoleon I. and of that beautiful Countess Walewski whom the Emperor knew at Varsovia, and whom he saw a last time at Elba, on the eve of his return to France. M. Alexandre Walewski was acknowledged by his father, in whose family he had always a cordial reception and an equal footing with the other children. He is said to have had a distinguished and charming personality, with an expression slightly veiled and melancholy; his long, slight figure recalled the beautiful portrait of Rachel that is preserved in the museum of the Comédie-Française.

Rachel had two sons. The other and younger one, Gabriel-Victor Félix, never bore any other name than her own. This son also distinguished himself in the French service, as a naval officer, and died a few years ago in the post of resident officer of the French Congo. Both were members of the Legion of Honour. The actress was devoted to her children. Her published biography is full of letters to them, written when she was on tour and during the winter spent on the Nile,

where she was sent by her physicians in her last illness; and these letters are not the least admirable memory she has left behind her, this greatest tragédienne of the century, perhaps of many centuries. For instance, take this passage written to Alexandre, then twelve years old: "For thee, dear child, come into my heart; drink there all the springs of its tenderness; they will renew themselves ceaselessly for my sons, for it is a richesse without limit that God gives to mothers that love their little ones." What mother in the world but would be glad to have written this? It should be a satisfaction to those that cherish the memory of Rachel to know that her sons justified her love.



A SPANISH DUKE WHO IS REALLY IRISH.

A very interesting book is waiting for somebody to write. It would describe the fortunes of Irishmen on the Continent in the same spirit as Hill Burton dealt with his own countrymen in that entertaining book, "The Scot Abroad." Why some enterprising young Celt with the enthusiasm of (and for) his race does not take up the quest, I do not know, for it is full of romance. Every European country could offer up its tale. For instance, there was Count Peter Lacy, who made such a gallant figure in the army of Peter the Great, as you will find described in an article entitled "How British Subjects have made Russia," in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. In Austria we have at the present moment Count Taaffe, that being his title in the peerage of Ireland, which his family still retain, though I suppose they have not set foot in Erin for a hundred years. Again, one of the men who helped to assassinate Wallenstein, and thereby saved the Empire from Gustavus Adolphus, was an Irishman, and France had MacMahon. Spain has at the present day a distinguished Irish emigrant in the person of the Duke of Tetuan, formerly Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who advised his adopted country to plunge into the disastrous war with the United States. In Ireland he would be plain Mr. O'Donnell. The Duke of Tetuan claims the Lordship of Donegal, and is an Irish chieftain in his own right. He was born in 1834, and is in appearance the typical Castilian nobleman, of stately presence, fine face, and dignified manner. He is a great favourite of the Queen-Regent and a generally popular personage.

Is the Sirdar Irish? I should like to get his pedigree. Meantime, let me say that he was born at Gunsborough Villa (lent to his father, Colonel Henry Kitchener, by the late Pierce Mahony), a place about three miles between Ballylongford and Ballybunion, Co. Kerry, on June 15, 1850. He was baptised on Sept. 22, 1850, by the Rev. Robert Sandes, at Ahavallin Church. Sir Herbert's elder brother, Chevallier, is in command of the forces in Jamaica, while Walter, the youngest brother, is a colonel in the army, in the Transport Service in Egypt, assisting the Sirdar. Another brother, Arthur, is in the colonies.

After I published the picture of a "Norwegian Châlet" at Bridlington, I received several letters from correspondents asking about it. Unfortunately I could give no further explanation. But now I have received a letter from the maker of it, Carl Fredrikson, of Katrineholm, Sweden, who tells me that the châlet was Swedish, and not Norwegian. It was designed and executed at Mr. Fredrikson's factory in Katrineholm, sent over in parts, and erected for Messrs. Whitaker Brothers, of Leeds, together with four others, at Bridlington. We have begun to send house-boats to France. It would be strange if Sweden began to build our houses.



THIS BOY HAS INVENTED A FIRE-MANUAL.

A friend of mine, lately returned from a trip to Ostend, has shown me a quaint announcement on the bill of one of the local music-halls. It refers to the "succès, tous les soirs, succès," of some presumably British artists, the Sisters Mellor, in "their great Statue Dance," and at the bottom comes the artfully suggestive legend, "Honni soit qui mal y pense." The "honni" is here spelt correctly with a double "n," and not with one "n," as has come down to us from the days of Edward III.



The celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the first railway in Russia, the Tsarskoie-Selo line, is just on the point of taking place. The line, which was to be used principally by members of the Imperial family, was placed under the immediate charge of the notorious "Third Section." It was decided that the ordinary whistle was highly disrespectful to the ears of an Emperor, and so for the whistle was substituted a complete mechanical orchestra, with drums and trumpets, fixed in front of the chimney of the engine. Special employés were told off to keep turning the handles of the organs while the train was going. A high rate of speed was not the chief characteristic of the Tsarskoie-Selo line, and Prince Orloff once made a wager of fifty thousand roubles with an Englishman that he would ride from St. Petersburg to Tsarskoie-Selo and get there before the arrival of the train. He won his bet. There is an anecdote, too, that Bismarck, at the time Ambassador to Russia, journeyed once to Tsarskoie-Selo, to have an audience of the Emperor, on a trolley, being unable to get a special train. On the way, a train was encountered coming in the opposite direction, and the Prussian Ambassador had to lend the assistance of his vigorous arms to get the trolley off the rails in time, the two men who were with him not being strong enough to do so.

In view of the recent ukase by which the Empress of Russia has forbidden smoking among the ladies of her Court, it is interesting to note that the Empress-Dowager of Russia, the Queens of Roumania and Portugal, the Regent of Spain, and the Princess of Wales are all inveterate smokers. So was the unfortunate Empress of Austria.

I learn that the troubles of the *Southern Cross*, which is carrying Sir George Newnes's expedition to the Antarctic, have begun. Before Madeira was reached the explorers had had the ill-fortune to lose some of their dogs, which have been all clean-shaven, in view of the



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" AT MADEIRA.  
Photo taken on Sept. 4 by Mr. H. A. Mills.

excessive heat. At the time the picture of the vessel was taken, Mr. Mills was sailing in the yacht *Vivid*, which flies the colours of the Minima Yacht Club of Southend.

A Russian officer has been making experiments with very successful results in the use of falcons instead of pigeons as carriers. It seems that they can fly very much faster. A pigeon covers ten or twelve leagues in an hour, whereas a falcon can do fifteen. It can also carry with ease a fairly heavy weight, while a pigeon can only just manage a letter. Above all, there is not the danger that a falcon may be caught by some bird of prey on the road, or even shot, for it flies so high that he must be a very good shot who can reach it. A carrier falcon recently accomplished the journey from Andalusia to Teneriffe in sixteen hours, which is not bad going.

Apropos of things Russian, Princess Ourousoff's dresses have not found grace in the eyes of Parisian critics. It is admitted that the wife of the Tsar's Ambassador is a highly intellectual woman, that she has a stock of artistic and literary ideas that might make the fortune of a struggling Bohemian, but unfortunately she has made a public appearance at the Opéra on several occasions in "Empire dresses, square-cut *décolletées*, of yellow and red." Only think of it! The wish is charitably expressed that a longer course of residence in the French capital will tend to correct such a deplorable lack of taste.

One of the commonest and most melancholy sights you may encounter on the Russian frontier is the compulsory returning of people travelling without passports. Till the frontier is reached they are all right; but there the State steps in and sends them back under escort to their native town or village. Tramps and people of doubtful character who have been forbidden to live in the capitals supply by far the largest contingent for the *étapes*, and are a product of that specific Russian administrative measure, the Interior Passport system. Every adult Russian subject must possess one of these documents, which have to be renewed every year. Without a passport he cannot travel, stop at any house of entertainment or at the houses of his friends, for the first thing that takes place upon his arrival is an interview with the "Dvornik," or

house-porter, who comes to take his papers for examination to the police-station. Anyone harbouring a person without papers of identity is liable to be prosecuted, a fine of £50 being imposed for a first offence, and imprisonment may follow for further breaches of the law. Those who have lost their papers, either designedly (as often happens in the



RUSSIAN PEASANTS WITHOUT PASSPORTS BEING CONDUCTED HOME AGAIN.

case of criminals and other suspicious persons) or by accident, and will not, or cannot, prove their identity at the place of their apprehension, or through the medium of the post and telegraph, are detained by the authorities. If sufficient evidence cannot be established by the usual means resorted to in such cases, the delinquent is forwarded administratively to his domicile for personal identification—that is, he travels thither *en étape*. The latter are forwarded along their route under the convoy of soldiers. This photograph depicts such a party awaiting the arrival of the train on the platform of one of the Northern Russian provincial towns. The members of the party shown are typical representatives of their class, clad for the great part in tatters (in extreme cases the Government provides clothes), with scant baggage, consisting maybe of a small bundle, a dirty tin teapot, a pair of spare boots, and a loaf of bread.

The ascent made at the Crystal Palace on Friday week was a great success, the aeronauts, Mr. Stanley Spencer and Dr. Berson, rising to the remarkable height of 27,500 feet. Numerous scientific instruments, including a self-recording aneroid barometer, were carried, and compressed oxygen gas for inhaling at the greatest height. The descent was near Romford. It is expected that this will entirely eclipse the results of simultaneous ascents at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Berlin, being only 1500 feet less than Coxwell and Glaisher's highest in 1862. The lowest temperature was *minus* 34 Centigrade, equalling *minus* 29 Fahr. (61 degrees below freezing-point). The atmosphere was clear and the coast range visible. At 25,000 feet the air became so rarefied that both explorers had to breathe compressed oxygen from tubes. The balloon had a capacity of 56,500 cubic feet, and was filled with pure hydrogen.

Lieutenant Hourst, a French explorer, accompanied by MM. Dey and Dibos, two well-known aeronauts, intends shortly to cross unknown Africa in a balloon, utilising the aerial currents in the same way as Jules Verne, in his "Six Weeks in a Balloon," makes his hero do. The balloon of these bold explorers will contain nearly forty thousand feet of gas, representing an ascending power of over twenty-five thousand pounds. Although the explorers are quite confident of success, they intend first to make a preliminary trial in a very much smaller balloon.



— FILLING THE BALLOON AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.  
Photo by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.



Here are two interesting families of five generations and of four. The patriarch of the five generations is John Murray, who lives at Jamestown, Buckie, N.B. He was the first fisherman to discover the use of herring bait for catching white-fish, and, though now in his



FIVE GENERATIONS.  
Photo by William Clark, Buckie.

ninetieth year, continues to enjoy excellent health. His son, William Murray, is sixty-nine; he follows the vocation of his father at Lossiemouth. Mr. John Murray's granddaughter, Margaret Murray, or Cowie, thirty-eight years of age, resides at Buckie; she, again, has a daughter, Margaret, in her nineteenth year, whose infant son, aged six months, constitutes the fifth generation of this unique family of fisher-folk.

The other picture comes from Pretoria, and represents Miss Lilian Gibson, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Eybers, and one of the great-grandmothers, Mrs. Marais, of the Paarl, Cape Colony. The curious fact is that the old lady is only seventy-two, having been born on March 2, 1826, and she became a great-grandmother at the very early (if not a record) age of sixty-eight. Another peculiar feature in this family is that all the grandfathers and great-grandmothers are dead, and one grandmother and two great-grandmothers have each married a second time. It is possible for Mrs. Marais to become a great-great-grandmother at eighty-six, which would be ten years younger than the age of the lady in the five-generation group which appeared some time ago in *The Sketch*, namely, ninety-six, and which was stated to be the record.

Apropos of the article on centenarians the other day, a correspondent sends me the following inscription, which he copied from the slab in the floor of Christ Church, near Newport (Mon).—

Here lieth the body of Joyce Lewis, widow, of the parish of Nash, who departed this life January 10th, 1767, aged 181 years.

Cliftonville and Margate (writes a correspondent) have always been beloved by the theatrical profession, and I noted with pleasure that London's almost oldest favourite, John Toole, was enjoying the sunshine and the breeze, though, alas! in a Bath-chair. Our beloved comedian, however, looked wonderfully well. By the way, I heard a rather amusing reminiscence of his ways when in search of health. Some years ago he was staying in the house in which I am now, and was fond, I am told, of disporting himself in the garden, where, with strange noises and strange contortions of visage, he would walk about inflating his lungs



FOUR GENERATIONS.  
Photo by Miss M. E. Martin, Pretoria.

with "the finest air in England." So ludicrous was the effect that certain members of the household were unable to restrain their mirth, and so incurred displeasure.

When I was a youngster, youngsters were fond of the pursuit, not of Golden Girl, but of the Golden and other various-hued butterflies, but though I have noticed at least one very "red admiral" and several "painted ladies" on the new terrace of the Cliftonville Hotel, and other entomological specimens on the cliffs and in the fields, I have seen but few youths armed with the long green net that was once so popular.

What strides are being made in providing women with the educational equipment which is the road to "getting on" and establishing independence! In the furthestmost corners of the land, girls nowadays have the chance of being educated on a level with men. It is nine years since Parliament decreed by solemn Act that a girl could enter any Scottish University, and now I hear that the most northern University in this country, namely, that of Aberdeen, has equipped itself officially with a residence for women students. The house is situated in the Old Town, a very charming part of the Granite City, which has been left like a delightful island amid the strain and stress of commercialism. I see that the cost of residence is only a guinea a-week, so that the old traditions of cheap education, of which the North has always been so proud, are not violated. The residence is situated near the fine old Cathedral of St. Machar, near that famous Brig o' Balgownie across which Byron used to ride as a boy in fear and trembling, for he had a certain legend in his mind all the time. Newnham and Girton exist, but, after all, a girl may not take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge. In Scotland it is now quite different, and a girl may graduate in any faculty just the same as if she were not of the feminine gender. I have not heard of any of them becoming parsons yet, but doubtless they could wag their pretty heads in a pulpit to as much



A RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN AT ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

purpose as the mere man. In any case, this newly organised residence is sure to attract more women students than ever to the North. I understand that the Principal's consort, Lady Geddes, has been largely instrumental in establishing it.

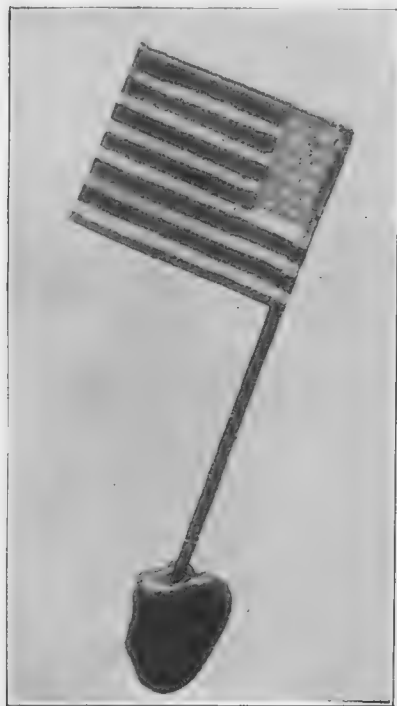
Mr. J. Penderel Brodhurst, who has edited the *St. James's Budget* during the past five and a-half years, has given up that position for the delights of daily journalism again, for he has taken a post again on the *St. James's Gazette*, with which he has been connected since 1883. Mr. Penderel Brodhurst, who is a direct descendant of the plucky Penderel who saved Charles II. after Worcester, has done his work well, and he will find his experience among pictures of value to him in returning to the unillustrated pages of the *Gazette*.

The biggest musical instrument in the world will be exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Quite appropriately it will have the longest name, and will be called the "Autovolektropolyphon." The inventor, I am told, is an Italian named Zibordi, and he has been fifteen years over the manufacture of the wonderful instrument. It has cost him infinite study and labour, and seems to comprise every other kind of instrument within itself. It will be worked by two petroleum motors of three horse-power. These set in motion a dynamo, which not only illuminates the room and the interior of the instrument, but also throws out wonderful many-coloured rays. This monster will require a double-sized railway-van to transport it to Paris, and, after the Exhibition, it is, I understand, to be presented to the Queen of Italy.

"Dear *Sketch*" (writes a correspondent), "the German 'miserable' mentioned in 'Small Talk' had best go and live at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrohwll-Llantysilioogogoch, Anglesey, North Wales. I believe it is a quiet and peaceful spot with an excellent climate."



This potatoesque picture is not what it seems, but a very favourite American sweet—not one of the family of Vere-de-Vere, but a thoroughly Republican one, with the graphic name of “All-Day-Sucker.” A humble class of sweet, probably corresponding to our



“ALL-DAY-SUCKER.”

used for colouring spirits.” Various American artists in confectionery who have settled in our midst have made us familiar with most of their productions, but I believe that the “All-Day-Sucker” is still a stranger to Britishers, and, in the interests of the education of my readers, I give a reproduction of it herewith, recommending it to all peace-seeking mammas as an absorbing occupation for young hopefuls who have outgrown Mrs. Winslow.

Since I published the review of Mr. Upcott Gill’s great Cookery Encyclopædia, I have received other specimens of the art of sugar-piping—all the way from Llandudno, if you please. They are the work of Mr. F. Russell, a *chef* in the Welsh town, who has practised the art for several years. “Piping is a process of sketching in relief, and can be accomplished with sugar, lard, or butter, and the piper, operator, or ‘sketcher’ must have an artistic turn of mind.” An expert piper can work as quickly as a pencil-artist.

Possibly the most interesting peep behind the scenes in London theatrical life (although in reality it is a peep “in front”) is the dress rehearsal of a Gilbertian opera at the Savoy. On Wednesday afternoon I dropped in when the finishing touches were being put to “The Sorcerer,” revived last Thursday. Everyone knows, of course, that Mr. Gilbert has a remarkable command of stage technique, but fully to realise how great that command is one has to see him directing a rehearsal. He is simply everywhere. Nothing escapes his eye, and a thing has to be done, and done again, until he gets it exactly right, down to the minutest gesture and the slightest intonation. Although he holds the rein firmly, he holds it kindly, and the company respond most loyally to his directions. Perhaps the most amusing moment of the rehearsal was in the duologue between Alexis and Aline, where it was necessary to get just the right accent upon the description of the British working-man as a noble creature. There was a delightful element of surprise, too, in the rehearsal as regards Mr. Gilbert’s entrances. For the most part, he directed from the front row of the stalls, but once or twice he appeared on the stage, looking himself so Gilbertian a character that anyone who did not know the piece might very well have fancied that he was in the picture—at least,

until he spoke “his lines.” His criticism, by the way, is charmingly constructive. He never criticises without showing, both by voice and gesture, exactly what he wants. What Mr. Gilbert wants and indicates is, of course, the best.

By way of supplement to the details that have already appeared concerning the new Metropolitan Police Magistrate, Mr. Edward Snow-Fordham, of Ashwell, Herts, I am able to give some additional personal particulars. His father, Mr. Edward King Fordham, of The Bury, Ashwell, started the Ashwell Brewery, and near to the grounds of the new magistrate’s house, Elbrook, are the springs which form the source of the Cam. This serves to establish the connection between Cambridge and Ashwell as celebrated brewing-places. Mr. E. Snow-Fordham’s brother-in-law is Mr. Carr Jackson, solicitor to the Great Northern Railway; it was his cousin, Mr. E. O. Fordham, who recently attempted to save from drowning, at Northoe, the latter’s sister-in-law, Sir Walter Foster’s daughter; and one of his brothers, Mr. Rupert Fordham, was married a few years back to Lady O’Malley. A fine, tall man, upwards of six feet in height, Mr. E. Snow-Fordham is a keen sportsman, and at his shooting-parties Mr. Justice Lawrance has been a frequent guest. Mr. Fordham is also a successful breeder of cart-horses, and has exhibited several at the Agricultural Hall.

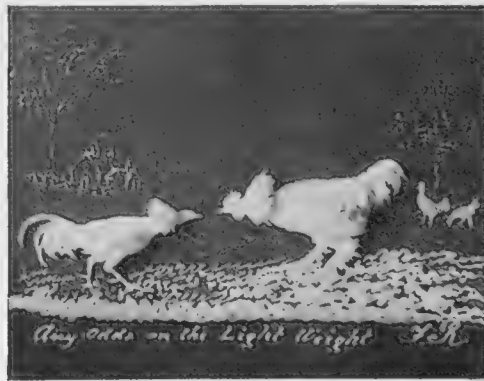
If the little wild flowerets known as blue-bells are not indigenous to Scotland, they are so associated with its song and story that one would imagine every dweller in the Northern Kingdom could not but be familiar with them. A correspondent of an Edinburgh paper, presumably a Scot, if one might judge from his signature, relates how he climbed Arthur’s Seat to procure some of the little blue flowers that grow on its side, in order that he might send them to some friends abroad. He was rather chagrined, however, to find that, on pressing them, the flower lost its blue colour; and no one appears to have had the temerity to answer his queries, in the journal in question, if the flowers on Arthur’s Seat are actually the blue-bells of Scotland, and if he can prevent them losing their colour?



EVEN CANDLES COULDN’T STAND THE RECENT HOT WEATHER.

I am sorry to learn from an expert in wool and mutton that I was wrong in mentioning the “animal bath” in connection with black-faced sheep in *The Sketch* of Sept. 7. Black-faced sheep, my informant tells me, never suffer the ordeal by water which falls to the lot of most other breeds. My dictionary told me a “hoggett” was a two-year-old sheep; but my correspondent, who ought to know best, says it is an animal hovering between lamhood and sheephood. A young sheep, it appears, is transformed from a “hoggett” into a “hogg” by its first clipping.

I have heard of a swallow on the wing being killed by a golf-ball, and in the summer of 1894 a player on the Nairn links, which lie along the seashore, brought down a gull so badly injured that it had to be destroyed; but I never supposed that a body-blow from the hardest-driven ball could kill so large an animal as a sheep. This actually happened on Sept. 9 on the Kinghorn links. The sheep was struck just behind the shoulder, about the spot the sportsman selects, when he can, in shooting any large game, and, I gather, fell on the spot. The butcher’s examination revealed a black bruise; such as one might expect, the victim being otherwise perfectly sound and healthy.





I don't know anything (writes a friend of mine) that demonstrates so completely the difference between a French and an English woman than to watch the passengers on a Channel boat. *Gauche*, perchance, at other moments, the Englishwoman on deck is monarch of all she surveys. Her French sister, on the contrary, even during a smooth passage is very ill at ease. She is obviously out of her element. That struck me very forcibly as I crossed the Channel last week, and, to while away the time, I amused myself thus as I watched the two types—

In tailor-made of sea-green shade  
She sat on deck and sunned her;  
And, looking at her sailor-hat,  
You'd never make a blunder.  
You knew that this most manly Miss  
Was English altogether;  
For perched on deck she did not reck  
Of sun and wind and weather.

Her low-heeled boots denoted Coutts,  
And not the franc or dollar;  
She wore a shirt and short-cut skirt,  
A tie and stand-up collar.  
You might discern from bow to stern  
How well she paced the steamer,  
And when she slept no sentry kept  
A vigil o'er the dreamer. . . .

In shady nooks, to save her looks,  
The pale, *petite* Parisienne  
Did try to shun that blazing sun—  
Her charms are Artemisian.  
She fanned her face with languid grace,  
Her gown was long and trailing;  
That dark Mam'zelle was scarce a belle  
When on the ocean sailing.

Her high-heeled shoes, ne'er made to cruise,  
Increased Mam'zelle's dejection;  
She could not wear in all that glare  
Her powder-puff complexion.  
She smiled when land was near at hand,  
The voyage well-nigh over,  
Forgot all tiffs with England's cliffs  
What time she sighted Dover.

For dusty roads and days at sea  
An English girl's the girl for me;  
But as for town, I lift my lance  
For ladies who are gowned by France.

The man whose business happens to be his hobby, and who lives both in the Present and in the Past, has surely reached the highest

happiness. Such a man is Mr. Charles Van Noorden. He is an enthusiast over old prints, and will supply you with any engraving that is getable. The other day, in rummaging the book-shops, he came on an old folio album of finely engraved portraits of the monarchs of



LOUIS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, SON OF LOUIS XIV., AND FATHER OF LOUIS XV.

Reproduced from an Album belonging to Mr. C. Van Noorden.

Europe, published in Rome in 1690. Among the pictures were the two which I am permitted to reproduce here. Think of the romance of the infant in arms,—James the Pretender, the future father of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Helpless as shown in the picture, he was yet to be the cause of infinite sorrow to many a Scottish family, while in his son, Charlie, the last hopes of the Stuart cause dwindled into nothingness. The other picture I reproduce is that of the Duke of Burgundy, the link between Louis XIV. and Louis XV., each of whom emphasised the ruin to which France had come. The album, in fact, is full of tragedy and romance, and here, in this prosaic money-making London, Mr. Van Noorden (who comes of an old Dutch stock) lives in the atmosphere of yesterday. In out-of-the-way book-shops he picks up pictures which are for him full of meaning; and to-day his collection is bigger in some respects than the gallery to be seen in the British Museum's Print Room itself.

Lady Moloney, the wife of Sir Alfred Moloney, Governor of Grenada, has designed a stamp in commemoration of the quatercentenary of the discovery of the West Indies by Christopher Columbus. It was on Aug. 15, 1498, that Columbus, after passing through the Strait of Boca del Dragon, which separates Trinidad from the mainland of South America, sighted the islands of Tobago and Grenada, and called them respectively Asuncion and Concepcion. Hence, Lady Moloney designed a special twopenny-halfpenny postage-stamp, commemorative of the discovery. Only five hundred thousand copies of the stamp are offered for sale, after which the plate can be destroyed. In addition to the issue of the stamp, a fancy-dress ball was given at Government House on Aug. 15, and the festivities continued for ten days. On Aug. 17 some *tableaux vivants* describing Columbus's life-story were presented at St. George's, the capital, the proceeds of which were devoted to supplying a free dinner to all the poor of the island. Sir Alfred Moloney himself (who is an Irishman, of course) figured as King Ferdinand of Aragon, and Lady Moloney as Isabella of Castille. I am told that since the arrival of the present Governor the island seems to have entered on a new lease of life, a spirit of social enterprise seems to have sprung up, and Government House is fast becoming known as one of the pleasantest places to stay at in the whole West Indies.



THE OLD PRETENDER JAMES AS A BABY.

Reproduced from an Album belonging to Mr. C. Van Noorden.

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE WEST INDIES.

AS TOLD IN TABLEAUX ON QUATERCENTENARY DAY AT GRENADA.



*Columbus soliciting aid of Queen Isabella. After some years of waiting and discouragement, Columbus, through the interest of Juan Perez and Alonzo de Quintanilla, obtains a hearing from the Queen. The King looks coldly on the affair, but the Queen, at length touched with his appeal, which is backed up by the Duke of Medina Celi and the Marchioness de Moya, exclaims, "I undertake the enterprise for my own Crown of Castille, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."*



*Columbus, seeking shelter in the Monastery of Santa de la Rabida, on his first arrival in Spain, is entertained by Fray Juan Perez, to whom he expounds his conviction of the existence of another continent.*



*Landing of Columbus and his followers in the New World, and their reception by the aborigines, the Caribs.*



*After two months imprisonment, Columbus returns to Spain and lands at Cadiz in chains. The King and Queen, hearing of the way he has been treated, summon him to Court. He comes with his chains still on. The Queen sees him, and her eyes fill with tears of pity. Columbus throws himself weeping at her feet.*



"Rocks with Funny Faces" is the title of an amusing article in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The specimen from Queensland reproduced herewith is more than matched by rocks at home. The *Magazine* is becoming more varied, and the October number contains no fewer than five-and-twenty items, among them a description of the Princess of Wales's Danish homes, and of

for her beauty, and she was only twenty when her father became President. Her mother died, and she was therefore the mistress of her father's household, and was called "The Lady of the White House." She was extremely fascinating, but somewhat *difficile*. She is said to have refused the hand of more than one English nobleman, and to have scorned the advances of native millionaires. Charles Dickens,



THE LIZARD'S HEAD, CHILLAGOE, QUEENSLAND.

Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Holt Schooling deals with old-age pensions, and there is a description of the pitman's life.

In one of the charitable institutions of New York there lives a little lady, seventy-seven years old, who once occupied a very different position. This is Mrs. Semple, daughter of John Tyler, sometime President of the United States, and cousin to three other Presidents—one Monroe and two Harrisons. In her young days she was celebrated

Washington Irving, and Daniel Webster enjoyed the privilege of her friendship. Miss Tyler, who was as much adored by her father as by her admirers, married, when her father retired from office, a man connected with the American Navy. Her married life was sad, for her husband's health broke down, and he had no private fortune. After his death she was reduced to sad straits, and only managed to keep life and soul together by giving lessons. For over twenty years she has been in her present abode. Some little time ago, however, Congress passed a Bill allowing her thirty dollars a month.



"THE GIPSY EARL," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



*Mr. Harry Nicholls, as a comic country policeman, makes love, and then turns a deaf ear to insinuations against the hero.*



*Mr. Harry Nicholls has left the force and married; but he does a "bit of detective" in collaboration with the boy-highwayman (Miss Fairbrother).*



## MISS FIONA MACLEOD.

Fiona Macleod comes of an old Highland Catholic family, and the name Macleod is a real one, and not assumed for the purpose of literary anonymity. She was born in the Southern Hebrides, and her heart still lies where the cradle rocked. Much of her childhood was passed in the Outer Hebrides, or in the Inner Hebrides and the West Highlands. The island of Innisron in her first romance, "Pharais," is believed to be a remote island where in childhood the author spent many summers. So, too, certain incidents in the portraiture of the heroine Lora occurring in this same romance are, to some extent, founded on the writer's own personal experience.

Miss Macleod's devotion to the island of Iona almost amounts to a passion, and she has frequently declared that Iona is her birthplace, by which she means the birthplace of her imaginative life. Seven or eight years ago, being in delicate health, she visited Italy and spent some time there, on the Riviera, and in Southern France; but with the exception of this visit and of a prolonged residence in Paris and then in Brittany, she has never been away from Scotland. Shortly before she went abroad for the first time, Miss Macleod lost her father, her mother having died while she was still a child. On her journeys to and from the Continent she has spent a few days at a time in London; but the great city has no attractions for her, and she has often declared that she never wishes to see it again. She loves an out-of-door life, and has always been accustomed to live much in the open air of her native Highlands. She is a daring sailor, and one of her chief pleasures is to cruise among the isles in a small yacht or half-decked wherry. Often, too, she goes out to sea with the herring-fishers and makes expeditions to the remote "bothies" of the shepherds among the mountains.

Of late years Miss Macleod has frequently visited Edinburgh, where she has relatives, but she can rarely, if ever, be persuaded to prolong her stay in any town beyond a few days. This fact, added to her well-known dislike of publicity, has given rise to a number of myths, more or less amusing and absurd, concerning her personality. Some time ago it was rumoured that Fiona Macleod was her friend and relative, William Sharp, and, when this was disproved, she was said to be Mrs. Sharp. Latterly, she became the daughter of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. Again, she has been declared to be Miss Nora Hopper and Mr. W. B. Yeats in unison; a syndicate of young Celtic authors who wrote under the name Fiona Macleod; a Fleet Street journalist, bald, old, and—well, by no means a total abstainer; while a recent paragraphist asserted that she was Irish and a certain Mr. Charles O'Connor. The latest report is that she is Miss Maud Gonne, an Irish lady living in Paris and said to be very beautiful, and Miss Macleod prefers to be Miss Gonne rather than the Fleet Street journalist.

Miss Macleod is not by any means the hermit which might be supposed, judging from all the absurd rumours concerning her identity, and is already well known personally to several men and women of letters, who are her personal friends and respect her desire for privacy. Curiously enough, it does not seem to have occurred to any of the speculators concerning her actual name and personality that Miss Macleod might be a young married woman writing under her maiden name.

Miss Macleod's first essay in literature was a short story, which she sent in the autumn of 1893 to the *National Observer*, then the *Scots Observer*. The story was called "The Last Fantasy of James Achanua." Mr. Henley rejected it, but in doing so wrote the author a few words of genuine encouragement, and, in deference to Mr. Henley's judgment, this story has never been reprinted.

In the summer of 1893 Miss Macleod began her first book, "Pharais," which is perhaps the most personal of her writings, and finished it before the end of the year. The name "Pharais" is the genitive case of the Gaelic word meaning Paradise, but in a slightly Anglicised form.

In the spring of 1895 she published a romance called "The Mountain Lovers," which she had begun several years before. Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby, published "Pharais," and Mr. William Sharp, who was issuing through the same publisher his volume of imaginative dramatic studies, "Vistas," acted as her intermediary, and it was probably through this connection that the rumour was set afloat that Miss Macleod was either Mr. or Mrs. William Sharp.

For some time after the publication of these two volumes, Miss Macleod had intended to proceed with a volume which has since been published, and which was projected about the same time as "Pharais"—the romance called "Green Fire." But she surrendered her intention, feeling convinced that her gift, as well as her taste, lay rather in the direction of the short story. She was conscious, too, of a marked development in her style, which gave her a distaste for the over-elaboration of such books as "Green Fire."

Up to this time she had written a number of short stories, and each of them had several times undergone the process of refining. The result was the book which won her more fame and more readers, namely, "The Sin Eater, and Other Tales." It is dedicated to Mr. George Meredith. "Prince of Celduin," who had been one of the first to help her with his encouragement, and was published in the autumn of 1895, through Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, of Edinburgh. In the "Celtic Library" of this firm, two of Miss Macleod's books, "The Sin Eater" and "The Washer of the Ford," which latter was published in May 1896, have appeared. Her volume of poems, "From the Hills of Dream," although not actually in the same series, is practically uniform with the prose volumes. In the autumn of 1896, Messrs. Constable and Co. published her early romance, "Green Fire," an American edition

appearing at the same time through Messrs. Harper. This is the part of her own work which she herself likes least, as she prefers a much simpler style of writing. Her best work is, she believes, to be found in her short barbaric tales and tragic stories of contemporary life.

Last year, Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues reissued Miss Macleod's stories in three volumes, with beautiful Celtic designs; they are entitled severally "Spiritual Tales," "Barbaric Tales," and "Tragic Romances."

At present Miss Macleod is engaged on a historical romance, and has, for its sake, put aside all other work until it is finished. Among her work discontinued for the time being is a short romance in which she aims at representing the humour, gaiety, and grotesque contrasts of the Celtic life in the Isles and Western Highlands, in contradistinction to the gloom and melancholy so commonly associated with the Celtic temperament. With the exception of a child's book, "The Laughter of Peterkin," which Messrs. Constable have recently published, nothing else has appeared from Miss Macleod's pen during the year.

Miss Macleod does not by any means approve of distinguishing a certain class of writers as members of the Celtic Renaissance; indeed, she confesses that she does not know what the Celtic Renaissance is, or if there be any such thing at all.

The growth of the finest qualities of the Celtic mind she does believe in, as also in the keener appreciation of these qualities among Anglo-Celtic peoples. She does not desire to be considered and judged merely as a Celtic writer, but as a writer of romance, both spiritual and conventional, and that irrespective of whether she is Celtic or not.

Although Miss Macleod's volume of poems, "From the Hills of Dream," was well received, she does not intend publishing any more of her poems. She makes no claim to being a Gaelic scholar, yet she speaks the language, especially the Gaelic of the Inner and Outer Hebrides, with ease and fluency. Old Irish Gaelic, too, she has studied, and to some purpose, judging by some of her early tales, as, for example, "The Harping of Cravethen."

Miss Macleod acknowledges with gratitude the kindly encouragement with which her first efforts were received. Among those to whom she feels herself specially indebted are, first and foremost, Mr. George Meredith, her kinsman Mr. William Sharp, Mr. H. D. Traill, and Mr. Grant Allen.

## AN OLD SPIRIT-JAR.

It has interested me to see in a recent number of *The Sketch* an account, under the heading "The Queen in Pottery," of a brown spirit-jar which was made at the Bournes' Codnor Pottery, Denby, at the time of her Majesty's accession to the throne. The founder of the Bourne potteries, of which there were several in this neighbourhood, was my great-grandfather, Mr. William Bourne, of Belper. I am just now on a visit to Mrs. Bourne, at Holbrook, who is one of the proprietors of the present very flourishing pottery at Denby. A great-grandson of Mr. Bourne is one of the partners there. A "Jubilee Mug" was made there in 1887 which pleased the Queen by its very excellent medallion portrait: the best of herself, her Majesty said, which had been produced in pottery.

Our Bourne ancestors were Friends. In one of the rooms here there is the old engraving of William Penn signing the treaty with the Indians when he founded the province of Pennsylvania in 1681. A near relative of the Bournes stands besides Penn, a Dawes, whose family is still well represented in Massachusetts. Our great-grandmother was a Dawes.

Across the valley opposite us is the fine old church of Horsley, where William the Conqueror once said his prayers in passing. An old lady we knew used to say she wished to be buried there, "it was such a healthy situation."

This is a country where many Friends of substance have lived. The Howitts came from a village near, and in one of her stories Mary Howitt drew from the history of one of the Bourne families. A sturdy, independent folk are those of the hilly region round. A friend of mine, a gentlewoman nearer seventy than sixty, was much amused and, she told me, flattered by a sick old cottager to whom she had taken some little comfort saying to her as farewell, "Good-bye, and God bless thee, my wench."

While here this summer our laundress has been one who was actually employed in the royal laundry at Brighton in William the Fourth's time. She is now a cheery, dear old dame of ninety-three years of age. Her husband, she told me with pride, was a coachman in Brighton; he "had driven the Duke of Wellington and other dukes about Brighton," and she herself had "washed for the beautiful Queen Adelaide and the King."

Mrs. Radford, that is her name, still delights to help her daughter in the washing part of their business, and she "can pick quarts and quarts of currants in her garden." Her eyes are blue and clear, and she has a genial, cheerful way of talking which is quite refreshing. The scissors she uses are the same she had in Brighton in the days of her youth for carpet-fitting, but, as she showed me, they have, through about sixty years of use and frequent grindings, got reduced to half their original length. This was her native place, and to it she returned many years ago. Her good health and activity—she knitted busily as she talked—she says sweetly and gratefully, are due to the fact that she has "always been taken good care of."

JEAN A. OWEN.



THE BEAUTIFUL MISS JULIE OPP, WHO IS SUPPORTING MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN HIS PROGRESS THROUGH THE PROVINCES.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It seems like a general law that in those countries where a knowledge of other modern languages is widely spread among the people, the best books of other countries are most efficiently and most speedily translated. England and France, the one still insular, the other self-sufficient—I mean, in a literary sense—are both ill served in this matter of translations, and assuredly not because of any special talents or habits in the acquirement of other languages. Germany, where the educated classes are, at least, bilingual, is best served of all. A writer with any serious claim to consideration may count on readers there, both of his own version and of highly creditable translations. Not so among us. For instance, a new Battle of the Books has been going on for years. It has been fought in most desperate earnest in France, but skirmishes have taken place everywhere, and rumours of the fighting have reached the most unliterary circles. It is largely concerning matters that the general public, and not merely the professional student and critic, are qualified to judge of, and are certainly interested in. Yet the principal champion on one side—and the side that would certainly have the sympathy of most English people—is only a name to most of us. His works might be procured with a little difficulty at our few foreign libraries; but for the first time a selection from them has been translated. I refer to M. Brunetière, and to those essays of his which have recently been put into very good English by Mr. D. Nichol Smith, and published by Mr. Unwin. Mr. Smith has very cleverly and very fairly picked out those that best illustrated the standpoint of the eminent French critic. M. Brunetière is a doughty fighter, and assuredly he has fought things sometimes he had best have let alone. His teaching has often been in a retrograde direction. I would rather he were not invariably praised among us for his opinions. It is not his opinions but his methods that are so admirable.

The typical critic of the day is a pleasant writer on books that no one else need read, and that he even need not read, provided he have the power of entertaining us by talking about something else. M. Brunetière good-humouredly satirises him in describing the methods of a distinguished *confrère*—

"Need I endeavour to tell you the impression I felt on reading the second volume of the 'History of the People of Israel'?" asked M. Anatole France a short time ago. "Need I show you the state of my mind when I dreamt between its pages?" And, without awaiting our reply—for, after all, we others, officers of the 199th Infantry or merchants of the Rue du Sentier, I suppose, and good people of Carpentras or Landerneau, why should we be so curious of M. France's state of mind?—M. France tells us that, while he was a child, he had among his toys "a Noah's ark, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children most beautifully shaped." If the process is ingenious, it is, apparently, conveniently. Thanks to his Noah's ark, M. Anatole France found it quite unnecessary to read the "History of the People of Israel": he dreamt between the pages of the book, and, as he is M. France, he spoke of it none the less pleasantly.

The process, minus the grace and skill of M. France, is very familiar to us. The popular criticism of the day is largely impressionist, not because it is firmly founded on any honest impressionist theory, but because it is convenient to follow a borrowed theory that can be carried out by means of a fluent, pleasant incapacity, and no hard reading or thinking at all. Unfortunately, most of our critics of this school do think it necessary to describe the state of their mind; it is easier and cheaper to do so than to tackle the books before them and form a conscientious judgment. Besides, the process is much more interesting—to themselves. This casual, garrulous, slipshod method is, of course, an application of a tenable theory that personal idiosyncrasies and temperament are such powerful forces that books cannot be judged exactly on their own merits; in short, that criticism is not science. In the hands of M. France or M. Lemaitre—sometimes in those of Mr. Lang, who has his impressionist moods—it may be a very exquisite and very illuminating kind of criticism. But all the incapable, the untrained, the indolent, and the egotistic writers on literature are inevitably attracted to it, and the justification of criticism, that it can save the world from "being devoured by charlatanism," is gone in their day of easy triumph.

M. Brunetière is the enemy of all this facile, flimsy stuff. It is the critic's business, he says, to know, to study, to judge, to compass, to classify, to keep a cool head, and work his brains hard. He can get rid of most of his personal bias if he takes the trouble; if he cannot, then he is not a born critic. If his soul is burning to disburden itself on all kinds of interesting and irrelevant matters, he had better turn novelist, or poet, or essayist on general things, the secret ambition of all the impressionist critics. Their sentiments, their egotism, valuable or not, would, at least, be less impertinent in these directions. His point of view, in fact, is most unpopular in a busy age. And if M. France's followers are apt to be flimsy, those of his school are inclined to heaviness, to stodginess. But M. Brunetière is not stodgy; he is too strenuous a thinker, too good a fighter.

In short, he is the enemy of the Lounger among books. It wants a frivolous country like France, where they actually take books seriously, to produce so substantial a critic as M. Ferdinand Brunetière. But when the Lounger is not lounging, he may spend his time in a duller as well as a more unprofitable manner than in reading Mr. Nichol Smith's selection, which includes an admirable essay on "The Essential Character of French Literature," two energetic and by no means altogether flattering ones on "The Philosophy of Molière" and "Voltaire and Rousseau," besides others that touch more nearly on the opinions and attitudes I have been talking of.

o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There is indeed always something new from Africa. When the Niger ceases to threaten war, the Soudan claims attention; before the echoes of Omdurman die away, the Cape Election hangs on a single vote; Fashoda looms large on the horizon, and, before we know the result of that complication, we are apparently on the verge of a deal over Delagoa Bay. Matters move fast, and in a few weeks the "Cape to Cairo" dream may be a reality of the near future, or the cause of a big war.

If our frontier were continuous with that of France, or if Dreyfus had been a naval officer, the odds would be very decidedly on war. But, fortunately for the French Navy, it has had no traitors either real or suspected. The Chosen People does not take to the sea now, and seldom has, in fact, since that unfortunate naval fiasco at Ezion-gaber. So the Anti-Semites have none to denounce. French naval officers are often grave and steady Bretons, with names that defy a forger, and an honour proof against bribes. Now the Army Staff does not care for a conflict that would give it very little to do except watching the coasts, and perhaps feinting at invasion; and the Naval Staff remains comparatively calm in the presence of Soudan difficulties. Its honour is unassailed; why should it plunge into a struggle against superior numbers in order to draw off public attention from the discreditable manœuvres of Staff Officers with comic-opera names?

So it is probable that by now a friendly meeting of some sort has solved the Nile question. It is impossible that even a French Minister, credulous as the breed is, can believe that a handful of white officers and a hundred black riflemen will ultimately stop an army of twenty thousand and annex enormous provinces. Nor is it at all probable, in reality, that France will rise in arms if M. Marechal has been removed from his position of dog-in-the-manger. It is far more probable that the move is a bit of bluff, designed to get some advantage somewhere else.

The supposed Anglo-German agreement touching Africa is probably of more importance. There was a time when President Kruger had the game in his own hands. But in order to keep the game there he would have had to understand the first principles of modern government and finance. Shut in by British territory on most sides, he needed an outlet to the sea for the complete independence he has always coveted. But Portugal holds the only good outlet, and England has the right of pre-emption there. Hence, the only method of acquiring a point of contact with a German ally was to work Delagoa Bay in practice without impairing Portuguese sovereignty in theory.

But for this two things were needed—money and capable administrators. Money the Boers had in plenty; but they fooled it away on forts and fads and jobbery, and now they are poor again. Capable administrators they never had, and cannot have, in the modern sense. Germany had both, but was not going to pull Kruger's chestnuts out of the fire for him for nothing. Hence Delagoa Bay remained to the Portuguese in practice as well as in theory; and now they have driven away trade from it by mismanagement, and not only make nothing out of the colony, but stand to lose heavily over the railway concession.

The result seems inevitable. The Transvaal let its chance slip; Germany thought the chance not good enough. Portugal wants money, and must go where money is; and that is Portugal's old friend, who really called her into existence (though in an unofficial way) by capturing Lisbon from the Moors, and has since then saved her three times and a bit of a fourth. Properly managed, the deal ought not to be difficult. We can afford to be liberal; probably it will be easy to arrange a legal fiction to save the Portuguese face and gag the Republicans of Lisbon. Give Mozambique and Delagoa Bay to a company, with a Portuguese nobleman or two on the Board. Not that out-and-out sale would matter much; France holds too many Rand shares to object, and Germany has presumably received consideration for not objecting. Besides, there is that pre-emption clause. There is likewise the British Navy.

And even the Transvaal may accept the situation with calm. It is better, if the Boers cannot have Delagoa Bay themselves, that there should at least be somebody there capable of forwarding their imports properly, and not driving them to use Natal and Cape ports. And the Cape Election, very nearly a tie in result, would seem to promise peace, and the deciding influence of moderate men. Mr. Rhodes has proved himself again rather a lath-and-plaster Napoleon. He interfered too late, said too much, or not enough; gained seats by his personal influence, lost them by imprudent vapourings, and in the main left things very much as he found them. He is still the best imitation of a great man in South Africa, for Mr. Kruger labours under the fatal disadvantage of being two centuries and a-half too late; but he is still an imitation. He is rather like the big financial man, who brings off some daring *coups*, makes a fortune, and forthwith thinks he cannot go wrong, and plunges into taking theatres, running horses, starting newspapers, and standing for Parliament. He is capable, strong, lucky; but he does not take care. He trusts to luck. Now, Napoleon trusted to luck also, but he made every preparation in case of bad luck. When he ceased to do this, he began to fail. The Rhodes type of man often does good work, at first or by chance: the Kitchener type cannot do anything but good work. Wherefore, in that "Cape to Cairo" scheme, it is odds on the Cairo end. MARMITON.



MISS KATE CUTLER AS LITTLE MISS NOBODY, AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



## REARING TURKEYS.

Of all the birds and fowls on the farm, turkeys are the most troublesome to rear. This was told me by an experienced hen-wife who had been at the business for many years. These birds will not thrive in confinement, and every year require fresh ground, for if the latter is stale they droop and die. They also, both young and old, need plenty of room to roam about; this gives trouble in the laying season (April and May), for the hen-birds must be carefully watched until their nesting-place is located, otherwise the eggs will be spoiled, or perhaps lost. At this time the bird is most secretive, retaining all her wild habits after generations of domestication, creeping into all sorts of odd places, and sometimes wandering nearly a mile in search of a nesting-place for her eggs, which, on leaving, she carefully covers up, using anything which lies handy for that purpose—straw, leaves, branches, or even rags. The nest is a slight depression scratched in the soil, and but for their shape the eggs would roll away. They are



YOUNG TURKEYS IN THE CORNFIELD.



YOUNG TURKEYS IN A FIELD WITH A PORTABLE NEST-HOUSE.

long and taper away to a point at one end, while the other end is bulky; thus they have a natural tendency to roll in a circle. The colour is a light cream with spots and blotches of red. Twenty or thirty are laid in a season. They are collected every day, one only being left as a nest-egg. One reason for this collection is that the turkey is an uncertain sitter and would very likely leave her eggs to spoil before the twenty-eight days necessary for incubation are over, so the eggs are placed under a domestic hen to hatch; but, somewhat curiously, the hen turkey will take charge of a brood that are not of her own hatching, either of her own or other species; for instance, I have seen her leading away a fine brood of Guinea-chicks. Young turkeys are extremely delicate, and require in their early stages most careful attention, being fed on various dainties, such as chopped leeks or young onions, boiled wheat, rice, meal, or even meat, in turns—anything to tempt their appetite; indeed, it is the same all through their short life, you need almost to persuade them to eat. When about a month old they are driven to the fields, that they may forage for themselves, and when the corn is first cut they find the best part of their living among the stubble, being either lodged in a portable house or driven home to the farm in flocks, retaining their liberty until ready for the market, unlike

other birds, not being shut up to fatten. As the season advances more fattening food is provided—barley-meal and cooked food—and, if thriving well, they will weigh twenty pounds or more at Christmas, when the poulterer makes his annual call at the farm. Some of these farmhouses must be centuries old, and make "quite a picture" with their quaint half-timbered gables in many cases overhanging the stock-yard. In the one illustrated the upper rooms of the house were built over a gateway, which formed a shelter for the cattle, and the whole block was surrounded by a half-dried moat, while near by stood the ruins of an ancient chapel, the walls of which were crumbling from the ravages of time, but showed from their immense thickness that in the ages past the place was of some importance.

Captain Montagu S. Wellby, of the 18th Hussars, whose adventures in Tibet were so well described in his recent book, is said to be contemplating a visit of exploration to Abyssinia.



STOCK-BIRDS AT THE FARM.

Photographs by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



## ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S "JOLLIES."

*From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Southsea.*

*Per mare, per terram*, has long been the motto of the Marines, and now we may add *Per cyclum*, for Lieutenant T. O. H. Lees (son of the Chief Constable of the Isle of Wight)

arm in the gymnasium he took up cycle-riding, both racing and trick performances, and trained a small dog, Toby, with which he performs various clown tricks. He has also been a



is as much at home awheel as on board ship. Entering the Royal Marines in 1895, he attained some celebrity as a gymnast at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, but on dislocating his

frequent prize-winner in cycle-races at Aldershot, London, and Portsmouth, carrying away the first prize for officers' race at Aldershot quite recently.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

There are distinct signs of a revival of the silhouette. Time was when everybody who was anybody was silhouetted. How often has one seen the silhouetted bust of some Georgian buck in his high collar or his stock; or the picture of one's great-great-aunt with her tiny ringlets and her precarious top-knot! Mr. Leslie Willson, in reviving the art for his Album, "The Scorchers' Progress," which he has done for Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, makes his pictures in three colours, the living figures being silhouetted. The effect is very striking. Something of the same kind was done recently in the wonderful Munich journal called *Jugend*, where the silhouette of three children "playing horses" (and entitled "Spring") were silhouetted against a yellow background. Mr. Willson's Album is very clever, as the accompanying picture (reproduced in black-and-white only) shows.

A second statue of Joan of Arc, from the hand of the sculptor Dubois, has been erected in Paris, near Saint Augustin. The first exemplar of this work is at Reims, close to the Cathedral, where the

in London were aware that the same painter had one picture at the Liverpool Walker Gallery and one at the Manchester Corporation Gallery. Sometimes, indeed, one is inclined to think that the "Record" errs on the side of kindness. It can scarcely be said that Mr. Gotch's picture of this year—admirable painter though he generally is—was a conspicuous artistic success; but the gentle language of the paragraph describing it can hardly be called a diplomatic triumph, if that was the impression it was intended to convey. It is also perhaps a little startling to hear that Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., has accomplished the most remarkable technical achievement of the year by his full-length portrait of the late Speaker of the House of Commons; but Mr. Orchardson has clearly enthusiastic admirers in the offices of the *Studio*. Byam Shaw is also regarded in the same quarter with a particularly favourable eye. He can fairly claim, so we are told, to rank among the best of our younger artists who have ideas to express in paint. Mr. Arthur Melville too, who came in for so large a share of attention—partly praise, partly blame, partly astonishment—receives for his portrait of



"THE SCORCHER'S PROGRESS."

Reproduced from Mr. Leslie Willson's Album by permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co.

Maid of Orleans consecrated Charles VII. The other statue of her in Paris, the work of Fremiet, is in the Place des Pyramides.

The *Studio* has issued an admirable volume entitled, "A Record of Art in 1898," which, by a rare coincidence, fulfils its title very thoroughly and efficiently. The editor prefaces his record with a declaration that it makes no profession of being an illustrated guide to any particular exhibition or group of exhibitions, nor does it pretend to reflect simply the judgment of this or that "art society or hanging committee." It is intended to be a summary of the best that the British and French schools have produced in the last twelve months. For this reason much of the reproduced work is chosen from that which has been exhibited publicly in that period, but it is like the management of the *Studio* to see that there is also a leaven of work which "comes direct from the artists' studios and has not yet been submitted to public inspection." In the most painstaking way, therefore, the whole collection is laid carefully and conscientiously before the general reader, and the reproduced work of each artist is accompanied by a paragraph describing what he has done during the year.

Such a collection of facts is of the greatest possible use. We all knew, for example, that Mr. Adrian Stokes had exhibited a fine pine-wood study which he called "The Cross in the Forest," but not many

Mrs. Graham Robertson full congratulation in this highly independent quarter. It is a volume, then, take it all in all, worthy of high praise. The reproductions are exceedingly well done, and the letterpress, as has been indicated, is by no means hide-bound by convention.

And with that word "convention" here springs up the letter of a correspondent from Burma, who thinks he has a real grievance against *The Sketch*, which a spell of sixty hours' rain has worked up to boiling-point. The gentleman in question is a sufferer. He has borne "the dreadful designs of Gilbert James in comparative silence," but a full page of Hilda Cowham he refuses to endure at any price. Gilbert James, says he in effect, can draw a few things pretty badly; but Hilda Cowham can draw but one thing, and that also badly—the one thing being "an impossible girl with corkscrew legs." When my correspondent had finished his letter the rain was just stopping, so that it may be hoped that he has by now somewhat recovered; but I would ask him to entertain a little tolerance for more than one convention in black-and-white art. You may draw for ever after the convention of to-day with the most definite monotony of manner, and nobody will complain. Choose a new convention, and there are alarms and excursions everywhere. Let him remember that we should quietly accept purple as the prevalent colour for cows if only Nature gave us three years or so for consideration. Need I pursue the subject?





MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MACBETH, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

*"I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried!"*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BARON A. VON MEYER W.



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS MACBETH, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

*"Ring the alarum bell—Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we'll die with harness on our back!"*

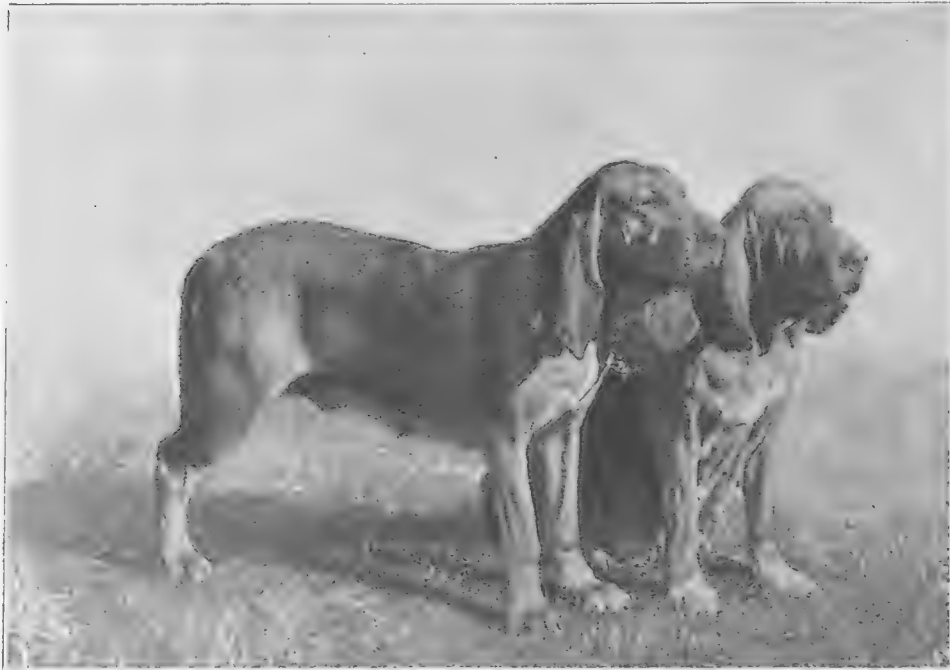
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BARON A. VON MEYER W.



## THE BLOODHOUND AS A MAN-HUNTER.

BY A BREEDER.

The announcement that the Association of Bloodhound Breeders is about to promote some man-hunting trials has stimulated an immense amount of interest in the noblest representative of the hound tribe. Viewed on the show-bench the bloodhound presents an appearance of great dignity, his beautiful head-properties and noble demeanour stamping him at once as a creature quite apart from the common herd of dogdom. When he



WHAT'S WANTED AND BELL.

moves in the ring it is seen that his frame is well-knit, though withal built on powerful and symmetrical lines. Wise people who have never owned one admit that he is all very well to look at, but deny him the possession of keen scenting powers. But bloodhound owners can tell quite another story, proving by actual experience that their favourite's peculiar scenting faculties have in no way deteriorated, provided they are properly trained and developed. The readiness with which a whelp can be "entered" to work is sufficient evidence in support of this assertion. Even an adult hound may more often than not be trained with comparative ease to hunt what we call the "clean" boot—that is to say, a boot that has not been doctored with aniseed or any other concoction. Beginning with short distances, a hound will soon become proficient enough to follow the trail for miles, even when crossed by others, and a pretty sight it is to see him working out the line, throwing tongue the while in the sweetest music imaginable. Now and again perhaps he will overrun the mark; but, if he is up to his business, he will cast about until he has recovered it. The powerful smell emitted by the human body is almost inconceivable. Mr. Edwin Brough, our most reliable authority, speaks of having seen hounds, on a good scenting day, running hard fifty yards to leeward of the line taken.

Whether the trials, which are to take place near Scarborough on Oct. 4, prove successful or not will depend upon the amount of trouble owners have expended upon the preliminary training. In any case, the test is to be a fairly severe one—runners unknown to the hounds, scent three hours old, a considerable distance of country to be traversed, and so on. We must not expect too much from this first attempt, rather regarding it as an earnest of what may follow if breeders are put on their mettle. Mr. Brough used to train his hounds, but at the present time I believe he has only a brace that have been entered. Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant, of Chatley, Norton St. Philip, near Bath, will probably show us some excellent sport. Mr. S. H. Mangin, of Hordle Grange, Lymington, hunts his hounds, and Mr. A. Croxton Smith, of Upper Tooting, has a bitch in training. More recent recruits, in Mr. Edgar Farman, the Honorary Secretary of the Association, and Mr. Walter Frisby, who owns a hound or two, will probably be represented.

I am frequently asked if bloodhounds would not be of use to the police in detecting crime. The only reply is that everything would depend upon circumstances. In the case of a crime committed in the country, I have little doubt that a well-trained hound, put on the trail within a few hours, would either run the man down or show where he had taken train. Attached to convict establishments, such as

Dartmoor, one might be depended upon to give a good account of an escaped prisoner. Indeed, the runaway would practically have no chance whatever. Well-meaning but ignorant sentimentalists may stigmatise this as an outrage on humanity, but such talk is all nonsense. A bloodhound—one of the best-tempered dogs I know—never "savages" his quarry when caught. Glancing through an old book—published in the early 'sixties—I came across an exciting account of a chase, which I believe to be perfectly authentic, having often had it described to me by a country clergyman who is a son of the Captain B. mentioned.

At two o'clock on a frosty morning, over fifty years ago, Mr. B., who lived in Warwickshire, was roused with the information that poachers were at work in his preserves. Mr. B., his brother, Captain B., and six others, with a couple of trained bloodhounds, went off in pursuit. The poachers having taken alarm, hounds were laid on to scent, and hunted correctly for about three miles, in spite of the unfavourable conditions occasioned by a cold east wind and keen frost. Reaching a three-hundred-acre wood, they dashed into the heart of it, and evidently became "warm," as the children say, for the men were heard in front crashing through the branches. Unfortunately the party divided, Captain B. and others, with the hounds, turning down a ride to head the poachers, while the others continued the direct chase. The latter party overtook the rascals, but, being outnumbered by eight to three, were beaten off with a certain amount of injury, and the poachers disappeared. On Captain B. joining forces, the hounds were again put on the trail, and hunted nine miles into country, where they were stopped. By that time it was 7.30 a.m., and early risers were about the streets. The police, however, were able to lay their hands on some of the offenders, two of whom were arrested and subsequently imprisoned.

## THE PRICE OF FISH.

There must be a feeling akin to annoyance in the minds of people who live in the Midlands and have a taste for fish, when they read of fresh pilchards in the Falmouth market failing to find purchasers at the modest rate of thirty-three for a penny. Many of our food-supplies are but indifferently regulated; fish fares worst of all. In countless towns of merrie England it is almost unknown to the poorer classes, and even the rich must regard it as a luxury. Prices of the best fish are truly ridiculous in these places, and yet on the coast in the fish-markets the men who do the real hard work in catching them must be content with the smallest remuneration. It is hardly a secret that, in many of the very large markets, surplus fish that might lower the prices is ruthlessly burnt. Many seaside places where the fishing fleets come and go are notorious for their bad and dear supply of fish, because what is caught goes up to London, and the fishermen are not allowed to sell on the beach or to the local trade. It is a pity that the supply and distribution cannot be better regulated, for a fish diet, particularly in the summer months, has many claims upon the individual who seeks good health. Moreover, if fish were eaten more freely, the various ways of cooking it would become revealed. One must go to Holland to realise the full possibilities resulting from a fine fish and a good cook. They are very varied and of high excellence.



A FRIENDLY KENNEL.

## AT THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY.

A VISIT TO STOKE POGIS.

The poet Gray has been dead one hundred and twenty-seven years, and it is one hundred and forty-seven years since the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" was published. No poet assuredly can claim a more solid immortality. He lives for most people, it is true, rather by his Elegy in a Country Churchyard and by his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" than by his delightful letters. But to live by poems which are constantly on the tongue long ages after death should be sufficient to satisfy the wildest aspirations after fame. Some foolish effort has been made to disparage Gray in our time, but the statement that Gray is commonplace, did it receive notoriety, would take its place with Voltaire's criticism of Shakspeare and the like.

Gray, the son of a "money scrivener," was born in Cornhill, on Dec. 26, 1716, his mother keeping a milliner's shop in the City. Every one of his eleven brothers and sisters died in infancy. His mother came of a good Buckinghamshire family, and it was to her family that Gray owed his education. He was sent to Eton in 1727 as the pupil of his uncle, William Antrobus, and at the age of eighteen he became installed as a pensioner at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, his friend Walpole going to King's. Gray

never took his degree. After his father's death, in 1741, his mother went to live with her two sisters at West End, Stoke Pogis, and it was there, in 1750, that he finished the immortal "Elegy." Dodsley brought it out in February 1751, and it ran through four editions in two months, and eleven in a short time, besides being perpetually pirated. Gray left all the profits to Dodsley, declining on principle to take money for his poems (except on one occasion, when he took forty guineas). In 1753 he lost his mother, and during his later years he lived a very retired life at Cambridge, where his shyness became more and more pronounced. He would not dine in the College hall, so that people who came to see him as a celebrity had to watch his appearance at the Rainbow Coffee-house, where he went to borrow books from the

circulating library. His extraordinary nervousness, indeed, made him at times the subject of the undergraduates' practical joking. He died on July 30, 1771, and was laid to rest beside his mother in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis. There are few spots more sanctified to readers of English literature, and few that have greater natural attractions for the lovers of beautiful scenery.



THE TOMB OF GRAY IN STOKE POGIS CHURCHYARD.



STOKE POGIS CHURCHYARD, THE SCENE OF GRAY'S IMMORTAL "ELEGY."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SHELLEY.



## ABOUT W. C. MORROW.

The old sneer "Who in the name of God reads an American book or looks at an American picture?" is no longer apt in these latter days, when the works of Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Harold Frederic, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Stephen Crane, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Atherton, Miss Wilkins, and many others queen it at Mudie's "Select" Library. Why Mr. W. C. Morrow's work, in particular his tremendous—there is no other accurate adjective—short stories, many of which are familiar to readers of *The Sketch* and the *English Illustrated*, has not been naturalised here years ago is quite inexplicable. One can only wonder at cliques which encourage one American artist (on the strength of blue stories in Yellow books) to sweep up the showered rewards of a "boom" patronage, and ignore or extend a grudging recognition to others of the calibre of Opie Read, Edgar Saltus, Stanley Waterloo, Edgar Fawcett, Hamlin Garland, H. B. Fuller, and Percival Pollard. How vain to seek an answer! Such things are on the knees of the gods—of Grub Street. William Chambers Morrow was born in Selma, Alabama. He went to California some twenty years ago (ten years after Bret Harte had left it for good), and has always been identified with the newspapers and magazines of the Western States. His work has appeared particularly in the *Argonaut* and *Examiner*, both of San Francisco. Indeed, Mr. Morrow's contributions to the *Argonaut* are not second even to the moving, fresh, and beautiful work contributed to that once famous weekly by Ambrose Bierce, Gertrude Atherton, and Emma Frances Dawson. I may state *parenthèse*, in answer to the possible question of English readers of *The Sketch*, "Who the dickens is Emma Frances Dawson, and what has she written?" that no woman writer has so strong a hold on the Pacific Coast public as Miss Dawson. She is known and unknown. She is a remarkable woman, gifted with a mind almost masculine in its grasp of thought. Everything she writes is deep and strong, and while celebrated for her virile short stories, yet her special gift is for poetry. She is best known as the author of a great poem, entitled "Old Glory," the baptismal name given to the flag by the soldiers in the War of Independence. In imagery and power it excels as the electric light a tallow candle Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner"; but I am not going to quote it here, convincing taste of her quality though it would be, lest its somewhat robust Americanism might give offence in these islands. Three of her best-known tales, "The Dramatic in My Destiny," "A Sworn Statement," and "An Itinerant House" (all lately published in book-form by William Doxey, of San Francisco, and illustrated by Ernest Peixotto, the artist who made the *Lark* famous), called forth from no less capable a critic than Ambrose Bierce the mordant statement that "those readers who did not remember them must have minds that are steel to impress and tallow to retain." In another eulogy, he said, "It is not my impression to set 'the cover of praise' upon every head that is presented, but of Miss Dawson I should like to be understood as affirming, with whatever of strength resides in forthright sincerity, that in all the essential attributes of literary competence she is head and shoulders above any writer on this coast with whose works I have acquaintance. And on this judgment I gladly hazard my small possession and large hope of reputation for literary sagacity. Here is a young woman who is a perfect surprise in the extent of her reading, by her precocious instinct, the delineation of character, and, what is still rarer, a balanced reserve of power in finishing her sketches with the fewest possible touches." In conclusion, as the parsons say, even if Miss Dawson's art was as pathetic a failure as is the "silvery clangour" of Miss Corelli's "veiled satire," she has done that house of literature, into which we all, even the most obscure of us—even, indeed, the prosperous publisher—are trying to fit our little brick, some service. For, unlike some lady novelist I could, and I would, gibbet, she has never increased the population of the United States by writing of impatient heroines in scortatory sewer-novelettes, pornographic to a degree that would or should bring a blush to the cheek of a negro.

To return to the American De Maupassant. There is something strange about the delicacy of treatment and gentleness of suggestion conveyed by his method of presentation that combines singularly with

the boldness of design and vigour of plot. Mr. Morrow is a purist. All his work is finished and correct, and gives one the impression that the right word is emphatically in the right place. While there is a prevailing idea that his stories are morbid and peculiar, yet he has the faculty of touching the heart as well as the imagination, as is shown in that remarkable tale entitled "The Man from Georgia." Drenched with tenderness, it takes one by the throat in much the same fashion as does that flaming robe of verse "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." It tells of one who, though innocent, has been condemned to pass through the experiences of a convict. Upon his release he is such a creature of self-deprecation that, when he is asked his name or addressed in any way, he responds, "Me?" The iron has entered into his soul to such an extent that it seems impossible to him that he should have a name or that anyone should address him, save by number or like a dog, according to the custom of the penal system. At his heels drag an imaginary ball and chain, which he has frequently to pick up in order to hasten his steps. He becomes a faithful servitor in a hotel, and, when the cholera comes, cares for the sick and dying until he too succumbs to the dread disease. It is a nutshell novel which once read can never be forgotten. Then there is a gruesome story about a doctor who kidnapped a patient, cut off his head, and kept him alive by means of a silver tube connected with his lungs. Than this sketch of a man, with a silver knob where his head should have been, I know of but one

other—Ambrose Bierce's "The Damned Thing"—in the whole range of modern short stories (not even excepting Mr. Kipling's "The Mark of the Beast") quite so sure of making each individual hair stand up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." His stories deal principally with the hidden motives of men, and are interesting—yes, more, they are fascinating—because of the profound power they exhibit, the deep insight into the mind and soul of man, and the exquisite handling of his phrases and undefiled English—a desideratum in the great majority of those of our American cousins now knocking at the doors of London publishers. While the events and characters he portrays in his stories are sometimes "not framed to tickle delicate ears," they are so full of original thought, give such perfect analysis of abnormal development of the human mind, that, when once begun, they eat into the mind and abide therein. His writings are, however, by no means all of this Poe-like character, some of his sketches being models of the fragrant *virginibus puerisque* school, at present identified in America with Miss Mary Wilkins, over here with Mr., or rather, I should say "Dr.," J. M. Barrie. Mr. Morrow is no neophyte in letters, for a fellow Californian of some celebrity (as short-story writer, not novelist), Gertrude Atherton, wrote seven years ago of work done in his salad days: "I have spoken only of Mr. Morrow's studies, but he is equally a dramatic and interesting



MR. W. C. MORROW.

story-teller, with a clear, forcible style—a man of fine and peculiar gifts, who is destined to make a mark in literature." Mr. Grant Richards recently issued a volume of his short stories, published last year by the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, entitled "The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People." You may take my word that it is a book to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested—not one of those a bit hot, i' the mouth. Writing of Mr. Kipling's stories, Mr. Andrew Lang has pointed out how "it is one of the surprises of literature that these tiny masterpieces in prose and verse were poured, 'as rich men give that care not for their gifts,' into the columns of Anglo-Indian journals"; how "they were thought clever and ephemeral—part of the chatter of the week"; how "the subjects, no doubt, seemed so familiar that the strength of the handling, the brilliance of the colour, were scarcely recognised"; and how "Mr. Kipling's volumes no sooner reached England than the people into whose hands they fell were certain that here were the beginnings of a new literary force."

To sum up: I cannot but think that when Mr. Morrow's book reaches the critics it will be recognised that here too are "the beginnings of a new literary force." For in his stories the strangeness, the colour, the variety, the perfume of the West, are as bountifully present as are the same traits in Mr. Kipling's Plain Tales of the East. Those who delight in style—that is, the dress of the thought in a sentence—as others do in a gracefully sculptured statue or delicately limned picture, should not miss this book. Personally Mr. Morrow is a tall, handsome man, a decided athlete, and "one of the best." They will find him. For he has written one or two *contes* that must live. J. S. COWLEY-BROWN.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



CABBY (to stout gentleman who has just paid his correct fare in four threepenny-pieces) : What ? Been robbin' the child's money-box, have yer ?



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## HOW BREAD CAME TO THE CONVENT.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

The Sister Superior of the Convent and Orphanage of Santa Maria Annunziata sat in her private room with some account-books open on a table before her, and rapidly changing expressions of bewilderment, anger, helplessness, and anxiety passing over her face. Though it was December, the windows stood wide open, and the scent of some early roses and hyacinths was carried in by fitful gusts of the south wind which was blowing. The wind, too, was driving high pearl-grey clouds slowly across the sky, and rustling the long grasses in the Orphanage garden, and swaying to and fro some young palm-branches, under whose arched fronds there lay, like a framed picture, the towers and spires of Rome.

The assistant-manager of a Roman bank sat opposite Sister Félicité. He had just replaced the account-book in front of her, and a look of polite commiseration remained on his face after the inspection; he had shrugged his shoulders for about the fiftieth time, and was resettling his coat-collar and tie after doing so. The Orphanage bank-account had been overdrawn for the past six months, at first only by a hundred francs or so, later, by two, three, and four hundred; to-day, not only was it overdrawn by more than a thousand francs, but Sister Félicité had asked leave to draw another thousand for a few days until their Christmas subscriptions came in, and this request had brought the assistant-manager up in person, first to refuse the request, then to ask for payment of the overdraft.

"We should be so much obliged if you could let it wait for about three weeks longer," said the woman nervously.

Her companion shrugged his shoulders for the fifty-first time. "We must," he said rudely; "that is evident."

Sister Félicité smiled and expressed her deep gratitude. "Then you will let us continue to draw just enough for current expenses up to that time?" she asked, not doubting but that one concession included the other.

"Certainly not, Signora," was the emphatic reply. "It is quite impossible. Your own books show that you have not received a single subscription for four months, and you cannot tell me the name of a single person who is certain to give you one even at this season. How can you expect us to advance you any more money?"

The Superior rose and stood before her visitor with clasped hands and frightened face.

"You must hear everything, Signor, and have pity on us. We have not a single penny left; we owe money to tradesmen, who will give us nothing more, and we have only food left in the house for one more meal. Let us have this money, I pray of you. The little children——"

"Impossible, Signora"; the assistant-manager had got up and was retreating rapidly towards the door. 'Twas a story, it must be admitted, which he had heard every day for the past month. "If any small donation of my own can be of use, I will give it"—he put down five francs on a table and continued his retreat; "but, speaking for the bank, I must assure you distinctly and finally that you cannot have any more money. Also, if subscriptions are sent to us for your account, we really must repay the overdraft first before allowing you to draw on them."

"Oh no! I pray you not to do that!" Sister Félicité's face had turned quite white at the last words.

"Yes, yes," said the man peevishly. "We must conduct our business properly." And he fairly ran out of the room.

Far away across the blue distance of the Campagna, where the villas and churches of Frascati lay along the slope of a hill, was a bit of purple hillside where on certain mornings, by an odd effect of light shining on some white buildings, a large white cross seemed to be stretched out. It was visible this morning, and at her sitting-room window the Sister Superior stood looking at it. She had fought so hard for the maintenance of this Orphanage with its forty children; for eight years now, amidst the ever-growing poverty and helplessness of Roman charities, she had kept it afloat, often reduced to a last ten francs, often with money owing right and left to tradesmen and her poor farce of a bank-account overdrawn, but never very seriously threatened with extinction. Now she saw no hope. Very few of the English and American visitors, who are the only supporters of Roman charities, had arrived yet, and many of those who were in Rome were getting furious at the perpetual demands for help which came to them from all sides. The struggle was at an end, she supposed. The children must be sent adrift to beg, steal, suffer, starve, to share the lot of the other thousands of hapless young mortals whose lives filled her soul with helpless anger. Hitherto the bitterness had been taken out of her anger by the thought that she was at least doing something to remedy this disease of reckless sloth, to repair this waste of material, but for the future she would have no consolation.

Handing over the charge of her morning classes to one of the other women, the Sister Superior put on her long black cloak and went down to the Vatican. A tall, stately woman, with square chin, clear, steady eyes, and wide white forehead on which the years had not yet scored their weary lines, she seemed an impersonation of success, and the look of hunted and scared depression on her face seemed curiously out of

place there. A passer-by would have said that she was trying to look humble to suit her dress.

She went to the offices of Monsignor Nimier, a French official at the Vatican who had always been a good friend to her Orphanage. Having no money wherewith to fee the attendants in the ante-rooms, she was, of course, kept waiting for a long time, and at last could only get in as far as Monsignor's secretary. She laid her case before him with a dull misery in her voice which moved the young priest, who could give her no hope that Monsignor would see her himself, but promised to lay the case before him after Christmas.

"After Christmas!" repeated the woman blankly. "You do not understand, Father; we have no money, no food, no chance of getting anything to eat for to-morrow."

The secretary moved in his chair with a slight frown of vexation.

"Well, if you can wait for some time, I will try and speak to Monsignor this morning," he said, "but really he is very busy. You may have to wait for two hours or more."

"I am quite ready," said the Sister, and got up and went back to the ante-room.

It was three hours afterwards when the secretary came out, and she nearly began to cry with delight as she saw what she supposed to be a reassuring smile on his face.

"Monsignor is very sorry to hear of your difficulties," said the young man, "but he cannot do much for you. He is overwhelmed with such applications. He has, however, agreed to give you his year's subscription now instead of at Easter, and he will see to it that two hundred francs are paid to your account to-morrow morning. Why. . . do you mean that two hundred francs won't be enough?"

The woman's face, lighted up with a grateful smile at first, had gone suddenly scarlet, and then white. She sat down on the bench, and tears of weary misery were in her eyes.

"It would be no use," she said, and explained what the bank-manager had told her in the morning. "Go in, Father, and entreat Monsignor to let me have the money myself. I pray you get it for me."

The priest shook his head decisively. "He is gone. He is in the gardens with the Holy Father. Very probably I shall not see him till to-morrow, and in any case I am sure that he would not do as you ask. Indeed, if he quite realised your condition, I am not sure that he would give anything at all. He would say that it was useless. No, no, I can really do no more."

Sister Félicité got up, and went out with a bow and a dazed look round the room. It was two o'clock; she had had no food, except a morsel of bread, since the previous evening; she had come here with some hope left, which had been increased by the secretary's first words, and now she was leaving without any hope, and hardly knew what she was doing. In the Piazza outside she bought some bread and ate it, after trying in one or two places to beg some food. "You are the ninth Sister of Charity who has come begging here this very morning," said one of the small restaurant-keepers irritably. "It is hard to keep one's temper. I can scarcely live myself. You ask me 'only for a little bread,' the others 'only for a little meat.' Between you all, you would have a ten-lire meal!" The Sister walked on to the English Library to scan the visitors' register and see if any new people had arrived who were likely to help her. There were no new names at all since her last inspection, and the librarian could offer no suggestions. "We are having a very bad season at present," he said. "Let us hope we shall make up for it at Easter." For two hours after this she stood on the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, begging of the passers-by, while the little beggar-children, who regarded the steps as their private property, jeered at her and tried to pull her down. "Who would give anything to an ugly old woman like you?" they screamed, and then ran up to some English tourist with their sunny little faces alight with laughter. "Give me a halfpenny," said one small boy in excellent English, and then went on, anticipating the tourist's ordinary reply with enchanting mimicry: "Go away, little boy! Go to the devil! Naughty little boy! Give me a halfpenny." The Englishman went up the steps laughing and scattering pennies, and the little lad who had received most of them ran down again, taking off his cap to Sister Félicité with a derisive smile as he passed her. It hurt her that one of the small beings for whom she had sacrificed so much should look at her like that, and with an impulsive movement she caught the little wretch by the slack of his green velvet trousers and asked him if he had ever heard of the Convent of Santa Maria Annunziata. After a brief struggle and a howl or two in anticipation of a well-deserved smacking on that portion of his anatomy near which this firm and evidently practised hand was holding him, the young gentleman surrendered, and, looking up into Sister Félicité's face, shook his head sulkily in answer to her question. She told him briefly why she was there; her face, which for so many years had been a loadstone to draw children to her side, held even this unruly little imp spellbound while she spoke, and in a moment or two of silence which followed he stood still looking at her.

"That stranger wouldn't have given you anything," he said at last, following out some train of repentant thought.

"Wouldn't he, piccolo? Maybe not."

There was another pause, and then—in what light the boy regarded his tribute one cannot guess, as conscience-money perhaps, or the price of



## SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her?  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And, for all the wealth of Indies,  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

(W.M. Thackeray.)





MISS HETTIE CHATTELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

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## LACE-MAKING.

Not all the lace-makers of Bruges are as pretty as this typically Flemish maid, for some are the oldest women of the town, who sit and "rattle their bobbins" and gossip from morning till night, either on little stools in the street or in their own doorways. In this quiet, sleepy, artistic little city lace-making is still the chief industry. It was first made here



A BRUGES LACE-MAKER.

in a crude form in the twelfth century, having been introduced from Greece and the Ionian Isles, the knowledge being brought by the Venetians and the Flemings, though the last-named originated the make of "Pillow Lace," and no country had ever equalled them in its make. Fine lace was first made in Belgium in 1320, but its importation into England was prohibited in 1483, though it was much used again for Court costumes in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Mechlin, Brussels, a heavy sort of Valenciennes, and Torchon laces are all made by the Flemings, though their great speciality is the spinning of the flax; indeed, one ounce of Flanders thread has been known to sell for as much as £4. The spinners are taught to work almost in darkness, in order that their eyes may become accustomed to pay the most constant and minute attention and to spin with web-like fineness. The manufacture of the lace taking its name from the town of Mechlin is now almost a thing of the past, and there are now only eight houses employed in its production, for Brussels lace is, of course, the most valuable and popular, and for the finest makes the patterns are all worked separately, almost microscopic, and are sewn on to the net afterwards. The cost of this lace varies from a hundred and fifty francs to ten francs for about three-quarters of a yard.

## THE BARONESS VON RAHDEN.

The Baroness von Rahden, who is at present drawing all London to the Empire, where she is performing her remarkable equestrian feats, is the only child of a Russian banker, and was born at her father's country-house near Riga twenty-five years ago. From childhood she evinced a great love for horses, and as the years rolled on she became an expert rider, and when a girl in her teens was always to be found in the front rank of the chase, there being much hunting in her neighbourhood.

When the Baroness was eighteen years of age, financial difficulties overtook her father, and pressure was used by her family to induce her to marry a wealthy but somewhat ancient suitor; rather than submit, the high-spirited girl determined to take her future into her own hands, and secured an engagement to ride in the Circus at Moscow, much to the chagrin of her relations, commencing her professional career in 1891.

The Baroness, who has a wonderful influence over horses, soon distinguished herself in the profession of her adoption by completely subjugating a most vicious horse that had been bought by the director of

the Hippodrome out of a racing-stable, after the brute had killed a groom. When the Baroness arrived at the Circus, the director had decided to have the animal shot, as it had become completely unmanageable; indeed, so vicious was it that only one groom in the vast establishment could go near it: the creature would lash out and try to savage anyone approaching it. The young recruit to equestrian fame, wishing to show her prowess, bought the horse for a small sum, and endeavoured to train it, the difficulty being to approach the animal. After much patience and kindness she was able to handle him in a fortnight, and before the month was riding him in the ring over hurdles, the finishing touch to his subjugation being the result of an accident.

One evening the Baroness was riding him as usual in the ring, when he fell at a hurdle, and before she could extricate her foot from the stirrup the horse was up and galloping towards the stables, dragging her after him, the gate of the ring being luckily open for her exit. The horse was stopped, and the Baroness pluckily remounted, although her face and arm were badly lacerated. The horse absolutely refusing to go back into the ring, a tussle for mastery ensued, and, the devil in the brute being now thoroughly roused, he bolted down the yard straight into an open pit, horse and rider disappearing. The Baroness did not leave the saddle, and, when her fiery steed had regained his legs and stood trembling with fright, she vigorously plied whip and spur—a thing she had never dared do before. To her amazement, the horse bounded upwards and scrambled out. Great was the cheering when the fair equestrienne reappeared in the ring, with her face covered with blood, her habit dirty and torn, but absolute mistress of her now crestfallen steed. From this time the young artist's reputation as a horsewoman was firmly established. The Baroness owes her introduction to her husband to an accident. About four months after the incident just related, the Baroness was performing in St. Petersburg, and had arrived at her sensational finale on Czardas, where she makes the horse rear up and walk on his hind-legs, she throwing herself right back till her head nearly touches the horse's tail, when the animal overbalanced himself and fell backwards. The Baron Oscar von Rahden, Aide-de-Camp to his uncle, the Governor of Siberia, leaped into the ring with several other gentlemen, the Baron being the first to assist the fallen artist. They were married four months later. Although the Baroness has been the cause of no less than six duels and one tragic death, she is entirely free from blame in the matter, having lived a most exemplary life, and never has the breath of scandal smirched her fair fame.

The Baron died last October, at Brunswick, from heart-disease, accelerated, doubtless, by the years of nervous tension which culminated in the shocking tragedy at Clermont-Ferrand in August 1894, when the Baron shot an infatuated young Danish nobleman who had persistently pursued the Baroness for two years with his undesirable attentions, and with whom the Baron had already fought two duels.



THE BARONESS VON RAHDEN, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE.



MR. LEONARD BOYNE IN "SPORTING LIFE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

## MR LEONARD BOYNE: ACTOR AND SPORTSMAN.

We continually hear of the actor-manager nowadays, but the player who is also a sportsman, in every sense of the word, is an exception. In fact, in such matters as riding a racehorse, as he did in "The Prodigal Daughter," or in scientifically knocking down a pugilist in the prize-ring, as he does in "Sporting Life," Mr. Leonard Boyne is without a rival on the stage. But in other matters he has merit of rare excellence. He has justly acquired celebrity as a real hero of drama, for he can be strong yet gentle, sincere without being weak, as earnest, as impressive as you like, yet able to relieve the more serious passages by a delightful touch of humour in the lighter scenes. Above all, he makes you feel that the hero is a gentleman bred and born. He is young enough to act any modern part, as his present impersonation proves, with thorough insight, grasp, and vigour, yet he has enjoyed a varied and valuable experience. The actor who has the passion for Romeo, the comedy for Benedick, the fervour for Tom Jones, the romance and intensity for Claudian, the aristocratic bearing for George d'Alroy, the lightness of touch for Felix O'Callaghan, and the refinement combined with manliness for the hero of "Sporting Life," is no ordinary actor. He is, indeed, a star of considerable magnitude in the theatrical world, and the provinces and Suburbia should consider themselves fortunate that, while the West-End is temporarily deprived of the services of so fine an actor, they have the advantage of so prominent a player appearing in a drama which owes so much of its success to its chief part being so admirably acted.

It may be instructive to glance at the more salient features in Mr. Boyne's professional career. His first hit was made in Dublin, where his performance of the Irish gentleman and peasant in "The White Horse of the Peppers" thus early proved his versatility. In the Irish capital, also, he created another favourable impression at the outset of his career by reading, in conjunction with the late Ada Cavendish, two acts of "Much Ado about Nothing" before the students of Trinity College. Three years prior to this event, however, he secured his first London success, at the Globe Theatre, as Midwinter in "Miss Gwilt," an impersonation which elicited, among other testimony to his acting, a letter from Wilkie Collins, wherein he was eulogised in no measured terms. Provincial tours, with leading "star" actresses, in the course of which he frequently played Romeo and Benedick, kept him well before the public. He was, as far as the provinces are concerned, the original and best Harold Armistage in "The Lights of London," and when Mr. Wilson Barrett produced "Claudian," his choice for the representation of the character, in which he himself made such a mark in London, naturally fell upon Mr. Boyne, whose acting of the part, as I well remember, was particularly brilliant. He won the esteem of the press and public by his acting, in London and the country, of Captain Walter Leigh, in that pathetic play, "Sister Mary." Then came Tom Jones in Mr. Robert Buchanan's adaptation. The play was put on as a stop-gap, the intention being to give it only a short run. But, thanks in a large degree to Mr. Boyne's acting, it filled the Vaudeville for nearly a year. He was the original Andréas in the English version of "Theodora," and he was the George d'Alroy in Mr. Wyndham's elaborate revival of "Caste" at the Criterion. There is no necessity to enumerate the various other parts which he has acted in London, but, while Drury Lane and Adelphi audiences know and admire him, he can adapt himself to the requirements of a smaller stage—that, for instance, of the Comedy Theatre, where, in the course of a recent engagement of a year, he created the part of John Allingham in "The Benefit of the Doubt." And many playgoers will remember that, during Mr. George Alexander's illness, two or three years ago, Mr. Boyne took up the character of David Ramon in "The Masqueraders."

It will thus be seen that while Mr. Boyne, thanks to his exceptional fitness, is a typical representative of the hero of ordinary drama, he can bear himself well in high-class plays, and, indeed, he is at his best in them. But, like all true artists, he is as conscientious as he is clever; and exciting as "Sporting Life" certainly is, I am sure that Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks will agree with me that they owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Boyne for his embodiment of John, Earl of Woodstock, of the 2nd Life Guards. The picture represents Mr. Boyne in his first-act dress as a country gentleman. Rural life, however, soon gives place to admirable sketches of scenes and characters in London, the lawn at the Welcome Club, Earl's Court, and some of its supposed occupants, being represented. Then, again, the scene of the fight at the National Sporting Club is up-to-date and thoroughly well done. The acting of such a character as the good-hearted, thorough gentleman, Lord Woodstock, must come easily to Mr. Boyne. For, apart from his other work on the stage, such parts as Harry O'Malley in "The English Rose" and Colonel Everard in "The White Rose," at the Adelphi, and Captain Harry Vernon in "The Prodigal Daughter," at Drury Lane, have made him familiar with the best and most effective means of handling plays which require breadth of treatment. But, best of all, Mr. Boyne has, in addition to presence, style, and experience, a definite note of distinction in all that he does, so that the hero of the stage becomes, in his hands, a real flesh and blood man—and a gentleman. At last, thanks in no small measure to the restoration of Mrs. Kendal to the London stage, much of the newfangled idea in regard to acting has been swept away, and nature stands out predominant over artificiality. Temperament, without training, is detrimental to good work on the stage, but when an actor possesses the power to stir the heart, and the skill to do so like an artist, as is Mr. Boyne's case, he is deserving of the highest praise.

A. B.

## TAIL HATS AND THEIR WEARERS.

The "chimney-pots" among which my fancy has been straying are those that adorn, or have adorned, the tops of men, and not the roofs of houses, though these latter have ere now, I think, suggested more than one essay. How many centuries ago men took to covering their heads with hats, I really cannot say, though I have seen it confidently stated that the young Athenian "bloods" wore what we now call "billy-cocks." It is said that the word "hat" has a Saxon derivation, but, be that as it may, the thing itself, in a variety of shapes, has been placed upon the heads of gentle and simple for many a century. Does not Froissart talk of a "battile de biever"? Did not Chaucer sing—

And fro the benche he drove away the cat  
And laid adown his potent and his hat?

And, to quote one more out of numberless classical instances, did not the fair and ever-delightful Rosalind inquire if the man was "of God's making? Is his head worth a hat?" It is, however, with that much-abused article, the stove-pipe, or chimney-pot, that development of the hats worn by the bucks of good Queen Bess's time, that hat which is the near descendant of those common in the early days of the French Revolution, with which I deal.

I have a fancy that, to some extent, a man's character may be judged by his hat. There is a changeableness about the bulk of the men we meet, who, indeed, are almost as bad as women, and will wear a differently shaped hat with every tiny change in fashion. I say tiny advisedly, for the variations in the headgear of man are never very sweeping. The late Count d'Orsay, that worthy follower, or perhaps rival, of Brummel, was a great stickler for the proportions of a hat as suitable to the proportions of the wearer, and, indeed, to the particular suit worn by the wearer, and he would have a different hat for every coat he put on! Many notables, however, have adopted a style and never varied it. One hero of Waterloo, the one-legged Marquis of Anglesey, whom many frequenters of the West-End can remember, had a most remarkable hat, particularly bell-shaped in the crown, with a brim perfectly flat, while yet another—the Iron Duke—wore what was termed a moderately "Yeoman" crown with a brim smartly turned up. The late Prince Consort did not disdain to take an interest in the shape of his headgear. In summer he wore a drab felt hat, in winter the regulation silk, and of a shape that at the time of his death or in the years immediately preceding it was not particularly remarkable.

The Prince's hat, by the way, has been immortalised in Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of his Highness's favourite deerhound "Eos," but the chapeau lies in such a position near the dog that the shape of the crown is not seen. Of the hats of statesmen of some thirty years ago, I can recall the vast castor of Lord John Russell, so disproportionate to the physical greatness of that nobleman that it reminded Nathaniel Hawthorne of a peck-measure, beneath which the face of the wearer was hardly visible. Some hats one has known are in a chronic state of shabbiness, giving us the idea that they are habitually brushed the wrong way, if at all. Such was the hat of a strange-looking gentleman who for many years was a familiar figure in the Metropolis; he looked like a Dickens caricature, and his hat would probably have been scorned even by a well-to-do dustman. This gentleman was a Mr. Lewis Higgins, who was of substantial means, though few would have imagined it.

To come nearer to our own immediate times, most Londoners and Brightonians can recall with pleasure the grand, rolling curl of the late Sir Robert Peel's hat, a curl which well suited his florid face, figure, and dress. Then there was the shiny and somewhat old-fashioned hat of the late Lord Winchester, a nobleman who looked like a relic of the days of the Regency. Many notable hats are (with their wearers) still in our midst. There is that wonderful arrangement worn by the Marquis de Leville, which must be a joy to many observers who know the wearer, at least by sight. There is the fine, tall, bell-shaped head-piece of Mr. Montague Guest, a hat that suggests velvet collars and cuffs and a certain boldness of costume not unbecoming to that gentleman's impressive presence. And the hat of Mr. Bancroft, straight in crown, straight in brim, and worn so jauntily at an angle of, say, 45°. Another wonderfully straight stove-pipe is that of the genial Irish gentleman, so well known at the Junior Carlton, and among yachtsmen, Mr. Reuben Mangin. Mr. Lumley, the father of the talented young dramatist, and a gentleman not unconnected with journalism, wears a very smart and curly hat at a fearful incline; one wonders how he keeps it there; and Mr. Henry Melton, an evergreen, who was once a hatter himself, is still among us, always well-groomed and well-dressed, with a high hat whose smartness and excellence are most becoming to him and to his former profession. Mr. Carlton Blyth, of coaching fame—who was more often seen about town a few years since than he is at present—affected a hat of coachman-like type, low in the crown, and with a broad, well-developed brim; while there may often be seen in the Burlington Arcade and in Bond Street or St. James's Street a good-looking man, accompanied by two handsome colliers, whose very tall and straight-brimmed chimney-pot is a perfect wonder for its smooth and glossy coat, almost as glossy and much smoother than his dogs. I must confess, with some shame, that, though I have known him by sight for years, I am ignorant of his name. Strange indeed are certain of the hats in which it pleases humanity to clothe itself, and at times I wonder whether the proverb, "Mad as a Hatter," would not be more appropriate to some of that indispensable provider's customers rather than to himself.

W. C. F.



## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

A small part in "The Gipsy Earl," at the Adelphi, is played so well by Miss Inez Soley that one feels she could do something much better. Miss Soley comes from Alabama, and has Spanish blood in her. That alone possesses some interest, I take it, for the stage. She was a keen amateur in America, and, after studying under some capital coaches, including Miss Geneviève Ward, she made her first professional



MISS INEZ SOLEY IN "THE GIPSY EARL."  
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

appearance in "Madame Sans-Gêne" on tour. She is very tall and striking-looking, and is full of intelligence. It will be remembered, of course, that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was discovered at the Adelphi by Mr. Alexander. She is half Italian.

The extraordinary vogue of "Charley's Aunt" is as great as ever on the other side of the Channel, where it continues to be played right and left, much to the satisfaction of the lucky adapter, Maurice Ordonneau. French audiences, however, insist on the part of the Aunt—or rather, as she is termed in the adaptation, the "Marraine"—being played by actors who will consent to indulge in the very wildest buffoonery. For a long time the adapter tried as hard as he could to induce the managers to give the piece more on the lines on which it was played here, but all in vain; the public would have none of it. The tradition that the Marraine should be a clown rather than a comedian has become so crystallised with our neighbours that it is no uncommon thing to see Charley's Aunt gather up her skirts and go through a course of exercises on the trapeze, to the great delight of the audience! This does not seem to say much for the so much vaunted artistic sense of the French; but, after all, there is no accounting for tastes. M. Ordonneau, seeing the author's share come rolling in with the regularity of clockwork, has long resigned himself to the inevitable, he says. When the theatres have had enough of the piece, if they ever do have enough of it, he thinks the "Marraine de Charley" will have a second long and prosperous lease of existence on the boards of the music-halls.

The mildly horrible sensation that thousands of spectators at Earl's Court have, latterly, been enjoying will be felt, before long, in a much keener form by audiences at the Paris Ambigu, where an actress, Mlle. Marcelle Lender, is going to appear in a lion-taming act, with real lions, in the course of a melodrama called "Papa la Vertu." The managers of the theatre, it seems, obliged the daring young woman to execute a deed absolving them from all responsibility in case of accident; and, meanwhile, Mlle. Lender is being "coached" for her dangerous, or, at any rate, risky business by the lion-tamer, Marek, who will, it appears, watch the first few performances from the wings. I remember seeing Miss Florence St. John with snakes coiling round her neck in "The Grand Mogul," and Miss Grace Hawthorne in "Theodora" used to hold colloquy with lions athwart the stout iron bars of a cage.

## "THE TOPSY-TURVY HOTEL," AT THE COMEDY.

The reproach has often been made to our managers that they cannot give real sense of life and vigour to the minor characters and chorus in comic opera, and the vitality of the extra ladies and gentlemen in "The Belle of New York" has been put forward as a painful point of comparison. After "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel" it will have to be admitted that, in suggestion of hustle and bustle, of hurly-burly, of mad energy and frenzied gaiety, we can hold our own. Certainly the principals in the adaptation by Mr. Arthur Sturges of "L'Auberge de Tohu-Bohu," by M. Ordonneau, presented on Wednesday at the Comedy Theatre, deserve high praise; but no less must be awarded to those who supported them in the wild revels at the sham hotel, invaded by a band of strolling, starving players, headed by the audacious, pretty Mlle. Flora. To get an idea of the piece, imagine a kind of French version of "She Stoops to Conquer," in which a whole company of light-hearted players are employed as servants of the house, which, in order that the course of true love may run smooth, is converted, without its owner's knowledge, into an inn. To tell the intrigue, which is complicated but coherent, I should have to write a column or so, and with the knowledge that I should but give a pale, feeble, unjust idea of the merriment of this wildest, most boisterous, and fantastic of musical farces.

It may be that the humours of the new work are not brilliant, that the jokes have weight rather than point, and that mere noise and rushing about play too great a part—some will, perhaps, even use the word "vulgar" as to several scenes. Yet the piece has the more than counterbalancing quality of life and movement. It opens rather slowly and ends a little tamely, but during about two hours it causes the audience to shout and roar with laughter at its fun, and to smile also agreeably at some pretty music and pleasant little love-scenes. A capital company has been engaged. Miss Violet Lloyd acts with vivacity as Mlle. Flora, and sings agreeably. Miss Collingbourne is altogether charming as ingénue and uses her melodious voice cleverly, and one is anxious to hear more of Miss Ethel Sydney. Upon Mr. John Le Hay fell the heaviest burden, and he bore it admirably, playing with great vigour and humour as a stage kind of sham Count, and singing with a great swing. A song called "Upon the Boolyvar," written by Mr. Lionel Monckton, whose additional numbers have more life and ingenuity than can be found in the pretty music of M. Victor Roger, the composer of the work, was sung by Mr. Le Hay with immense success; it will soon go round the town. Mr. Farkoa's artistic singing delighted the house. One must mention the excellent acting of Mr. Cheesman, Mr. Dagnall, and Mr. Nainby. Mr. Arthur Sturges has done his work, so far as one who has not seen the original can guess, very cleverly, and some of his lyrics are ingenious and effective; one may hint that he is too generous with dialogue, and might wisely cut the complication caused by the introduction of the breakfast-party in the last act. The piece is handsomely mounted, and some of the dresses are lovely.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN AS GLORY QUAYLE IN "THE CHRISTIAN," PRODUCED ON MONDAY AT WASHINGTON.

Photo by the Miner Lithographic Company.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 28, 6.44; Thursday, 6.42; Friday, 6.39; Saturday, 6.37; Sunday, 6.34; Monday, 6.32; Tuesday, 6.30.

Elsewhere I have devoted a page to the trick-riding of Lieutenant Lees of the Royal Marines. But when Jack himself is ashore he is



LIEUTENANT LEES, R.M., AS A TRICK CYCLIST.

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

frequently awheel, as you will note by the picture given below of the cyclist from H.M.S. *Camperdown*. Jack in knickers is certainly a weird sight.

An ingenious device warranted to remove without injuring the most obstinate of wired-on tyres has been shown to me lately, and one can but regret that the simple but invaluable contrivance was not brought out a few years ago. According to the advertisement, any wired-on tyre can be lifted off within a minute; but the tyres of several of the machines upon which I experimented came away in less than half-a-minute. Possibly the instrument will not be needed for bicycles fitted with the new Dunlop

tyres; but the old-fashioned, language-provoking tyres so often forced off with the back of a spanner or the business end of a toothbrush will be found much easier to manipulate when the patent lever is employed.

A correspondent wants to know what would happen to him if he were coasting down a steep hill "at, say, thirty miles or so an hour," and one of his tyres were "suddenly to flatten out." The question should not be what *would* happen to him, but what would *not* happen to him. Most likely, my guileless friend, you would "suddenly flatten out" too, unless you managed to pull up your machine before the wheel came to pieces, or to hurl yourself into some soft place—a brambly hedge, for instance. Most of us have confidence in our tyres, and some of us trust to Providence and to the insurance companies, and I think that, upon the whole, we cannot complain that our childlike confidence is abused.

Eighteen bicycle accidents, thirteen of which have proved fatal, is not a bad record for a single week, especially when one bears in mind the fact that fifteen of the riders came to grief solely through riding without a brake. Well may one exclaim with the irate Frenchman, "Mon Dieu, mais ils sont bêtes, ces Anglais!" In *The Sketch* of July 20 I alluded to "the prevailing and idiotic fashion of trying to do without a brake," so that now I am tempted to repeat the cry of the self-satisfied, "I told you so!" After all, nobody dispenses with a brake on account of its weight, and the only other reason for not having one on a roadster is that the rider wishes his friends to suppose that his immense strength of limb renders a brake upon his machine a useless encumbrance. I notice that in parts of Wales cycling tourists are adopting two brakes, namely, a brush on the front wheel and a pneumatic on the back one, the latter to be used only in a case of emergency. Road-riders who adopt this double-brake system display much wisdom.

In a small Welsh town with a name that I have neither energy nor ambition to pronounce so long as the thermometer maintains its firm and elevated altitude, "an action at law"—so the local news-sheet terms it—of interest to cyclists has just been decided before the magistrates. It seems that A., "described as a gentleman," sent his machine to B., a bicycle-repairer, to have it cleaned and overhauled. The repairer overhauled it so thoroughly that when the bicycle came back to its owner it had neither lamp nor bell, tool-bag nor pump. Naturally the owner felt hurt at being thus filched of his property, and he told the repairer so in a few well-chosen words. Thereupon the machinist waxed exceeding wroth, and, calling upon the silent heavens and turbulent earth to bear witness, he yowed a great oath that the machine came to him "in a stripped condition." Hence the "action at law." The jury, presumably, completely exonerated the individual described as a gentleman, who thereupon left the Court with his friends, while the repairer, on the other hand, was compelled to make good the loss of the chattels, was bound over to keep the peace, and was advised to overhaul

his repertoire of adjectives. This case should serve as a warning to cyclists who send their machines to be cleaned or repaired. The workman, before commencing operations, almost invariably strips the machine—indeed, he must do so if he wishes to do the work properly—and small blame to him if sometimes lamps, pumps, bells, and tool-bags get mixed up with others or mislaid.

In reference to the interview with Mr. C. Pett Triscott which recently appeared in these pages, Mr. R. J. Meeredy says: "Bicycle-polo was started by me nearly eight years ago, and has been played in Ireland with little intermission ever since. Until this season only one public display was given." During the last few months, however, a number of tournaments have been held, with great success, and on Saturday the Championship of All Ireland was held, under the auspices of the Irish Bicycle-Polo Association, in the grounds of Mr. C. Wisdom Hely, Rathgar, Dublin. He goes on to say—

I would point out, however, that the rules differ materially from those in use at Sheen House. As a matter of fact, there is but one fundamental rule, and I cannot do better than give a nutshell edition of it. The rider, when striking at the ball and facing his opponents' goal, must have the ball to his right-hand side, and must not, either before or immediately after striking the ball, cross an imaginary line passing through the ball from goal-line to goal-line, if in so doing he would interfere in any way with an opponent. This rule is designed entirely to prevent collisions, which, in fact, cannot occur if the players observe it strictly. Comparing it with the Sheen House game, which I have witnessed, it is much safer—a characteristic which will appeal to the majority of riders. It is also much faster and more open.

If you ride on the foot-path you are liable to prosecution. That is a well-understood regulation for the protection of the pedestrian, and were it not so the number of running-down accidents would unquestionably be far greater than it is. But when the surface of the road is so bad as to be unrideable, and when the foot-path is clear of passengers, it seems a little hard that the rigours of the law should be enforced against a cyclist who, to avoid damage to his machine and discomfort to himself, makes use for a few yards of that sacred causeway dedicated to the exclusive use of foot-passengers and perambulators.

There have been several prosecutions of this sort in Southport of late, but the hearts of the magisterial bench were softened and the offenders let off with a nominal fine. The fact is, the roads in the neighbourhood of Southport are atrocious from a cyclist's point of view; for miles they are paved with setts. The authorities have even decided to continue the abomination, and to expend £18,000 in laying down roads with granite cubes within the borough, evidently not regarding the patronage of wheelmen as essential to the prosperity of the town.

The West Riding Association of the C.T.C. held its annual meeting at Harrogate about a week ago. The question of the suppression of "scorching" was discussed, and it was agreed that this objectionable phase of cycling ought to be put down, but no practical suggestion was forthcoming, and it was left to the committee to consider how it could best be done, and to submit a scheme to the next meeting. It is difficult to say what can be done, if neither the arm of the law nor the force of public opinion avail to abate the nuisance. The initial difficulty lies in the definition of "furious riding." What may be a dangerous speed in one place may be perfectly safe and reasonable in another. Twelve miles an hour, for example, is highly reprehensible in a crowded street, while the same pace on a country road is perfectly harmless.

Again, to ride at considerable speed round a corner, where it is impossible to see what is coming, is highly dangerous, and this is a trick the "scorcher" is often guilty of, trusting to luck that there is nothing



SEAMEN AND MARINE OF H.M.S. "CAMPERDOWN."

Photo by Lieut. C. McCulloch, R.N.

in the way. Furious riding, therefore, does not mean covering the ground at so many miles an hour; it entirely depends upon the element of danger to other occupants of the road. Another difficulty, which crops up in almost every case brought forward by the police, is to estimate the speed. The rider will swear one thing, the police another.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

It is not in Kings to command success at racing. At the same time, many of us would like to see the Prince of Wales's colours carried to the fore in one of the Autumn Handicaps. I learn from Newmarket that Nunsuch is doing well in her work, and that she is very likely to go close for the Cambridgeshire. Marsh has some reliable tackle in his stable; indeed, Ugly is the best and most useful trial-horse in England. Further, Marsh has a cue of some sort to all the handicap form of the year, and, if he fancies Nunsuch, she will be very close to the winner. Anyway, it is a good thing for the race that his Royal Highness has a horse entered, and I am sure the scene on the Newmarket Heath would be one to be remembered if Nunsuch got first past the post.



THE BATHERS.

Now that Tod Sloan is with us again, his style of riding is freely criticised by the old school of racegoers. Sloan may not have a handsome seat in the saddle, but he sits a horse to the best advantage, and, by adopting the bicycle stoop, he misses the wind, if any. But, after all, the taking feature in Sloan's riding is his getting off so well. He does not believe in riding a waiting race, for Sloan knows that, despite the last great rush, it is possible to be beaten on the post. The proper place to wait is in front, and the old theory about "weight will tell" is about played out. One old trainer used to give his jockeys the following orders, "Get home the nearest way you can, and do not take too long about it."

The Jockey Club will, I presume, soon appoint an Official Handicapper to take the place of the late Major Egerton. I should like to see Mr. Weatherby undertake the duties; but, failing him, the choice of selection would be a difficult one. Mr. R. K. Mainwaring has strong claims for the post, as he very ably assisted the late Major Egerton. Then there is Mr. Ord, who framed such very successful handicaps in the North of England. Mr. Robert P'Anson is another handicapper who would do the work well, and Mr. Dawkins is a good student of form. Perhaps the Jockey Club will adopt the committee idea, and have an average struck on all handicaps to be run at Newmarket. This is done now at some meetings, and is said to have answered well.

It seems to me that some of the regular racing reporters want to arrange the programmes for their own personal convenience. If seven races a day are thought necessary by Clerks of Courses in the interests of their patrons, I cannot see any harm in there being seven; but, of course, the extra race adds sixteen per cent. to the labours of the reporters, and perhaps that's where the rub comes in. In the neighbourhood of large towns it is necessary to give the people plenty for their money, and it is only right that racing on Saturday afternoons should be extended until five o'clock, seeing that many of the mechanics cannot get to the course before half-past two or three. The big dividends paid by the racecourses show that the Clerks know what they are about.

The Irish Turf Club are more go-ahead than the English equivalent, the Jockey Club. They have had a starting-machine erected on the Curragh training-ground for the convenience of trainers, who may at any time use it by applying for permission. It remains to be seen whether the trainers will boycott the machine or bring it into use and teach their horses to start from it. My idea is that trainers, as a body, are not prejudiced against the new method—that is, new to us, but old to Australia and New Zealand. There may be individual cases of prejudice, but these will be killed when the advantages of the machine are brought home. If the Jockey Club would follow the Turf Club's example, and have a machine fitted up for permanent use at Newmarket, I have no doubt we should soon see our trainers using it.

More than once of late the decision of the Judge has been questioned by disappointed backers, many of whom, by-the-bye, have eyes only for the animals they have supported during the time the battle is on. Now, if there is one thing more than another to be proud of about English racing, it is the ability, integrity, and impartiality of our Judges, who never bet, and never have the slightest interest in the race beyond the desire to do their duty well and manfully. In many finishes it is impossible for anyone outside the box to decide, and for that reason we ought to congratulate ourselves on being able to leave the verdict to such honourable men as we have for Judges.

Mr. John Hammond, whose horse, Herminius, is favourite for the Cesarewitch, rose from the ranks to amass a big fortune over the victories of St. Gatien and Florence. Messrs. Arthur Cooper and J. O'Neil, who won the Cambridgeshire with The Sailor Prince, and the Lincoln Handicap with The Rejected, are self-made men, and the same remark will apply to Mr. Arthur Cockburn, Mr. Teddy Hobson, and Mr. A. Spalding. All the gentlemen named have been either heavy bettors or big commission agents, and they are all good judges of form. But they have their good days and their bad ones, like other people. Messrs. C. Hannam, W. Sibary, H. Roberts, H. Heasman, and Johnson are also big punters on the Turf, and Mr. Alf. Hudson, who owns some horses, is also a big backer.

CAPTAIN COE.

## BICYCLE RACING IN BERLIN.

In Berlin there seems to be a craze for long-distance races of every kind. It would be impossible, one would think, to imagine anything duller than the last bicycling race inaugurated there. It was called the twenty-four hours' race, and consisted in racing round a course five hundred yards in length as many times as possible in twenty-four hours. At one time during the night there was a thick fog over everything, and the racers could not see a foot in front of their noses. One of the competitors, like Humpty-Dumpty, had a great fall, and damaged himself severely on knee and head. Next day the heat of the sun was greatly felt, and the racers had to have recourse constantly to *douches* and iced drinks to keep them on their legs, or rather, on their wheels, at all. They were indeed a pitiful, not to say a laughable, sight. Huret, a French cyclist, came in first with a record of just on five hundred miles, and the next, also a Frenchman, accomplished 470 miles.

## A CURIOUS SHEEP.

The Fat-Tailed Sheep of Cape Colony which have recently been presented to the "Zoo" represent the indigenous breed of South African sheep: the Fat-Tails were the only sheep the natives possessed when Europeans first landed in the country. Nature has been curiously generous to this sheep, as she has been to other breeds, in the matter of tail. Some tails weigh as much as twenty pounds, and Professor Wallace states that particularly fine samples weighing even thirty pounds have been recorded. The usual weight, however, varies from six to fifteen pounds—quite enough for any sheep to carry about with him, one may suppose. This curious appendage, which is broad and flat, consists chiefly of fat, and the fat is sometimes used as a substitute for butter. The lop-eared,



THE FAT-TAILED SHEEP OF CAPE COLONY.

Photo by Medland, North Finchley.

long legs, and hairy—not woolly—coat of the Fat-tailed Sheep, together with his preposterous tail, give him a curiously unsheeplike look; but he is hardy and easy to please in the matter of grazing, whence he and his cross-bred descendants enjoy considerable measure of popularity among the Cape farmers.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

London, if one may judge from the meteorological reports, must have been a "most distressful" city during the late hot weather, for it seems to have made a special trip on its own account into the purgatorial temperature with which one hears it was afflicted. Other places may have been hot, but poor old, burnt-up Town seems decidedly to have



[Copyright.]

A DINNER GOWN.

been not alone hotter, but hottest, and to have altogether exchanged the usual even tenor of its dull September days for sunstrokes, solar topees, and a white heat of demoralisation generally. Up here in the Highlands we mercifully stopped short before such extravagances atmospheric were reached, and, while warm enough for the thinnest of muslin gowns on our part, and kharkee shooting-suits on that of the men, never quite arrived at the Sydney Smith stage of viewing the barometer.

It has, in fact, been Scotland at its best, and that best is very good, with never a drizzle to muffle up one's view of the fir-crowned, bracken-grown uplands, or to unkindly prevent the more energetic among womankind from joining the guns at the pleasant midday rendezvous for luncheon. All through the most baking weather elsewhere there has been that delightful crispness in the air which made log-fires welcome when the sun went down, even though noonday might have recalled a stoke-hole in the Red Sea elsewhere. Naturally, many of those who came to make an autumn tour North of the Tweed arrived for the most part better set-up in substantial tailor-mades and warmly built house-frocks than the diaphanous gauzes which circumstances subsequently and inconsequently cried out for, and there were as a result some excursions to the nearest towns, and alarms at the local forms of fashion, which caused much merriment among those of our house-party who were better set up in seasonable airy fairynesses. It is only in such unusual circumstances that the resources of a good maid are properly appreciated, and I have one in my mind's eye who evolved for her mistress two quite smart frocks, one of very fine black book-muslin, with white Valenciennes insertions, and the other a white ditto, trimmed with black, both of

which were to be worn over a separate under-dress of vivid-green Pongee silk—all these materials she had rescued from a primitive draper's shop at the nearest post-town. The dresses were lightness and simplicity itself, the loose bodices being merely drawn in at neck and waist, and having two insertion-trimmed flounces on the skirt, while the Pongee was, of course, unlined. These were made hurriedly in one day, no one being the wiser of their recent origin, except perhaps another woman's maid who helped to sew them. Talking of muslins, these brightly coloured collars of that material which are now worn so much on tailor-made coats and gowns have a wonderful way of smartening up the most uninteresting outer garment. They are treated to tiny frills and Valenciennes-lace edges, and are, of course, detachable. Having the second-hand advantage of a cousin who possesses a first-rate maid, I have set this invaluable Alsatian the task of making me half-a-dozen of these muslin collars, and one of her pronounced successes is a red-and-white pine pattern trimmed with black Valenciennes, which sets off a new ruby cloth coat and skirt to admiration. White collars are taboo, but any colour or mixture of colours amongst them is in the last cry of Fashion's varied vocalisation.

I am glad to think that my hopes for the speedy extirpation and undoing of those hideous shawl-shaped capes which one has seen advertised are not doomed to disappointment. They are in the worst possible taste, are also unequivocally unbecoming to any and every figure, and, in fact, have no reason for existence. The best-dressed women are now favouring those dainty little coats made in every possible colour and form, but all, broadly speaking, short-basqued and tight-fitting. Capes will, of course, be widely worn, more especially in



[Copyright.]

MISS ETHEL SYDNEY'S DRESS AT THE COMEDY.

London, where, with the constant paying of calls and going in and out hot rooms, it is absolutely necessary to wear some easily removable garment. These half handkerchief-shaped capes cannot serve the purpose of wraps, however, curving up so sharply from the elbows as to leave the chest exposed to the "eager air" of winter; therefore, on all



accounts, one is well pleased to sign their veto and help send them into banishment.

The most admirable winter form of cape which I can at present imagine is the soft, suave sable, made quite round, with a shaped five or four inch flounce reaching to about the waist, a high collar, and one wide pointed rever. Not to all, alas! is this consummation possible, however devoutly desired, seeing the price of sables; but mink, it may be advanced, makes a most excellent show, and at ten paces strongly resembles its costly first-cousin, while never aspiring to more than one-sixth of its price.

One of the new notions, and an undoubtedly smart one for smart occasions, is the wearing of real lace coats, made to fit the figure over silk or velvet gowns for the afternoon. Limerick lace and Irish guipure are first favourites for the purpose in Paris. They are most effective, and not very expensive moreover. A delicious little gown of turquoise



CORDUROY AND LEATHER.

[Copyright.]

accordion-pleated mousseline-de-soie is being worn by a fashionable damsel at the house where I am in quarters just now—a sleeveless coat of Irish crochet with basques goes over it with quite charming effect. It is tied in at the waist with a white moiré sash, and has tiny diamond lace-pins with little chains between to fasten it in front. I have met another of these coats which looked charming in many coloured Limerick lace over a scarlet mousseline-de-soie bodice and skirt of bengaline flounced with the mousseline. It should be a most successful fashion, as it is an adaptable, seeing that the lace bodice can be worn over any different colour at will.

I have just begun to wonder if any other woman in the world has the same amount of trouble in keeping her fringe decently presentable as myself. In London the atmosphere accommodates itself with the utmost willingness to oblige in such matters, and one may come back from a hard morning's shopping, or an afternoon packed full of calls, without turning a hair, literally speaking. But up in these otherwise delightful Highlands the uncurling process begins as soon as one sets foot on the gravel, to be continued every step one walks, much to one's mental disturbance, particularly in the face of fastidious acquaintances. The alternative, I am not consoled to think, lies in turning one's hair off the forehead, because, for this, it is my sacredly held opinion, one wants the frontal conformation of a Hebe. There is one other way out of the wood, however, and that is in the possession of a bought

and paid-for fringe, which may therefore obviously be called one's own, but which has no connection, nevertheless, beyond its skilfully placed hairpins. I had to start one of these deceptive appearances when yachting earlier in the season, and am now compelled, by the exigencies of Scotch mists, to send for it to town. The new style of hair-dressing, with low-lying coils at the back of the neck and waved at both sides to form a central parting, comes to us chiefly from America; it is picturesque, but has no *chic*, and cannot be attempted by anyone who does not own a decently marked profile. Nothing more becoming than the ondulé halo of the past three years has been yet discovered, and I shall be sorry when it has died the death and is no more admissible, a state to which all, even the most distinctly charming fashions, must sometime or other arrive.

Apropos of hair, I hear it announced that red-gold of the true Venetian tint is proposed to supplant all others in fashionable esteem, inasmuch as that it is not only beautiful to look at in itself, but also becoming to almost every style. People who have seen "The Termagant"—a privilege to which I look forward on my return to town—write me ravingly of Miss Olga Nethersole's superb coiffure, which seems to suit her grey eyes and Spanish type no less well than the same colour does in transforming the dark-eyed and once brown-haired Comtesse de Castellane (*née* Anna Gould), who has practically set the fashion of Venetian-red hair in Paris. By the way, it must not be thought that the women of mediæval Venice had any particular heaven-born right to this colour of hair, which is classically named after them. By no means! They helped themselves to its beauties by dyeing; and it was quite a common occurrence to see groups of women sitting in the sun (generally on the roofs of their houses), while their hair, drawn through wide, mushroom-shaped head-coverings, was made to change its black or brown hue to red-gold by the gradual action of the sun on certain chemicals.

The mention of Paris constrains me to remark, not without patriotic regrets, perhaps, that so many women go there now at the start of each season for a week's shopping, particularly those of the first social flight, who wish to be six months away and beyond the modes of "other persons." A week in Paris has, moreover, charms beyond the allurements of the modiste, and a breakfast at La Tour d'Argent, with M. Frederick at his best, a dainty little luncheon at the Lyon d'Or, or one of Ritz's gorgeous and not too inexpensive dinners, are not to be discounted among the attractions of that popular week of replenishing in Paris. Clothes are, in fact, only just now beginning to disclose their true inwardness for forthcoming winter weather. No one can seriously consider the actualities of frost and sleet in the tropics, and, as the temperature appropriate to the tropics has only just made way for autumnal evenings and mornings, the modistes have naturally held their hands and possessed their inventive souls in what patience they might.

In the matter of mid-season fashions, and while the average woman is employed in oscillating between one budding mode and another, one is often helped to conclusions by a new play, for actresses will rush in where the mere ordinarily eternal feminine fears to tread, and, as we all know, in our modern manner of playgoing the frock's, very often, not "the play's the thing." A prettily worn gown by pretty Miss Ethel Sydney is, for instance, one of the most attractive properties employed in "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel," a piece which is just now making hay in the sun of public appreciation at the Comedy. The flounced blue skirt, opening over a panel of white lace, is in a style very becoming to slender figures. The lace collar and folded satin vest are white, as is also the picture-hat. My other illustration sets forth the glories of a new style of dinner-dress—a form of frock which is much in demand at this season, since a constant round of visits, and consequent packing, plays havoc with the toughest, most enduring toilette.

The ever useful and increasingly popular shooting-gown also puts in its leather-bound appearance. For whether one actually shoulders the death-dealing gun or only meets other slaughterers on the bracken-covered moorside, the necessity for high-stepping remains when an occasional fence is to be negotiated or the hillside is more than ordinarily steep. This little checked tweed looks particularly neat and workmanlike, and a gown of the sort is always a wise investment, for when the shooting time is over and tramps over North Country heather put by until next autumn, there is the tobogganing on ice-bound, snow-covered Swiss roads which so many include nowadays in their winter programme, and for any such violent exercise I have myself found all other arrangements come to grief except the short "morocco-bound" skirt of the shooter.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BARONESS H.—(1) Your Viennese tailors are admittedly excellent, I know, but for ball- and dinner-gowns our West-End modistes are not easily excelled. Since you are coming to London for the winter, I should, therefore, advise you to wait and supply that part of your outfit here. Jay, of Regent Street, Kate Reilly, of Dover Street, and Mrs. Watson, of Grafton Street, are among the first flight of English dressmakers. (2) Yes, there are two fencing-schools in town, but if you would not allow your girl to attend either, one of the masters would give her lessons at home. I agree with you that our women do not walk as well as yours, and no doubt what you say has much to do with it.

H. L. L. (Gibraltar).—Yes, trained for evening, but short for dances. Try Peter Robinson.

X. X. (Warrington).—The Faulkner Diamond Company, Regent Quadrant, have charming designs in both articles. If you send them the drawing they could easily and inexpensively carry out the Marie Stuart cap in their own pearls.

SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

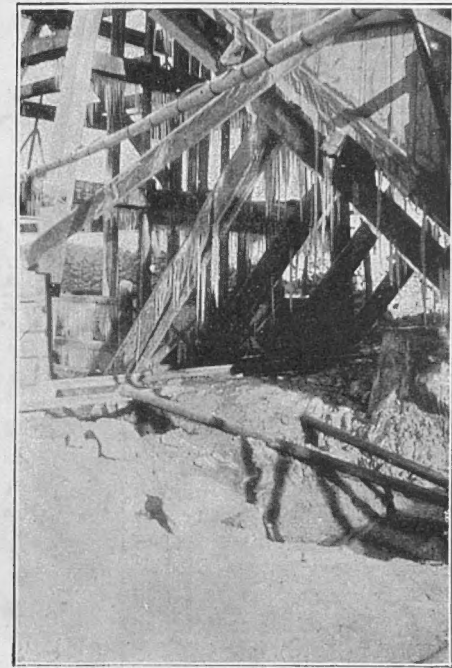
*The next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.*

## THE STOCK MARKETS.

Money and politics are still the main considerations on which the future of the Stock Markets depend. During the past week the City has had some little spasm over Fashoda, while Dreyfus and the squabble between the Army and the civil power in France has not made the outlook

brighter. The dispute between Chili and Argentina and the revolution in China have also been disturbing influences; but, after all, it is the question of the future price of money which does more than anything else to prevent the speculating public from thinking that the time has come to take a serious hand in any deal.

Brokers and jobbers, with the help of the finance houses and a few professional operators, may get up a little African boomlet, or even a few deals in American Rails; but everybody who mixes in financial circles knows that the public is, as a body, taking no interest in the Stock Exchange and no hand in any buying or selling which may be going on. One man tells you it is the result of the Hooley scandals, another that the state of unrest



SHAFT-HEAD OF THE CHAMP D'OR MINE.

all over the world, from France to Argentina, is to blame—in fact, nearly every expert has a different explanation to give as to why the public is holding aloof; but no one disputes the fact itself, nor has any person been found bold enough to opine that lack of money awaiting investment has anything to do with it.

Underwriters are, we know, loaded up with large blocks of all sorts and conditions of stocks and shares, and it may be, from their point of view, very hard lines that times are not propitious for working these off. For the moment Mr. Hooley and his revelations as to the price at which titled and other directors may be obtained have put an end to the business of the company promoter; but these influences ought, as far as we can see, to have little or no effect upon the price of Home Rails and suchlike well-established concerns, and yet, from whatever cause our readers may choose to assign, this autumn they can safely say "the Stock Exchange is off."

## BANK BRANCHES.

The extraordinary development of the branch bank in this country, and especially in the suburbs of London and our other big cities, has caused quite a discussion as to how these said branches are made to pay, while all sorts of dismal prophecies have been indulged in as to the ruinous expense to which the big joint-stock banks are going in opening so many new establishments. We have been astonished at the extraordinary ignorance of banking and the mode in which banking profits are displayed in the bulk of the letters and articles which have come under our notice upon the point. The majority of the critics appear to fancy that bankers make their profit out of the numerous small accounts which people whose habitual balance amounts to, say, £150 or £200 keep with them, and all sorts of insane proposals appear in print for combinations of the big bankers to refuse accounts when the average balance is below three figures.

The true inwardness of the extension of the branch system among the joint-stock banks is, of course, not the acquisition of petty balances, but the opportunities for lending money at rates more remunerative than City prices which such establishments afford. A banker does not make money out of the bulk of the people who keep credit balances at their current accounts. It is out of the people who come to him for accommodation in the way of overdrafts and loans that his profits accrue, and the extension of the branch system is an endeavour on the part of the big banks to find remunerative outlets for their surplus cash. In the City, on good security any quantity of cash can be borrowed at Bank rate or  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. over Bank rate, but in the country and at suburban branches it is the custom to charge 5 per cent. at least for all advances, and we have a lively recollection of the horror of a suburban manager to whom we once took a bank-draft for discount, because we objected to pay 5 per cent. for the month's accommodation. That bill was eventually discounted by the National Discount Company at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but the incident opened our eyes to the advantages of branches to the big banks.

## SOUTH AFRICAN WEATHER.

While we have been suffering from tropical weather, the very reverse seems to have been the case at Johannesburg, judging from the following letter and the illustrations we are able to produce from the photographs which our correspondent kindly forwarded. It will be news to many of our readers that the Transvaal even suffered from frost severe enough to produce icicles six feet long, but the photographs are convincing proof that such things do happen even in South Africa—

Le Champ d'Or, French G. M. Co., Limited,  
Luipaardslei, Johannesburg, Transvaal, Aug. 29, 1898.

DEAR SIRS,—The enclosed photographs of icicles taken at a shaft-head at this mine on Aug. 2 last may be of interest to your readers. They were taken by me, and, if you consider them of any use to you, you may reproduce them.

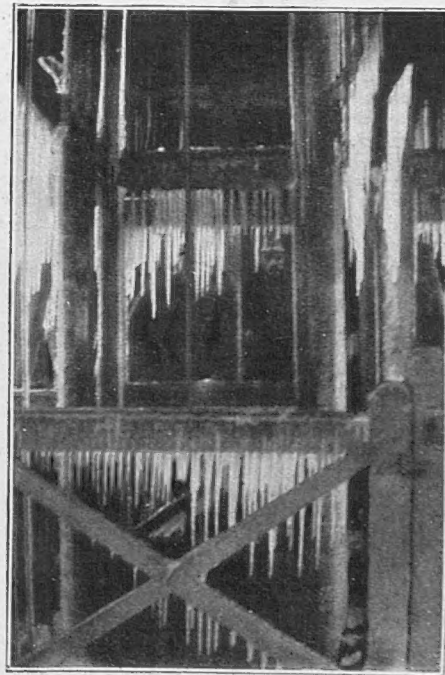
Some of the icicles were about six feet long, and the headgear from the sorting-shed, where the skip is tipped, to below the mouth of the shaft was a mass of ice, and looked the reverse of what one expects to see in South Africa.—Yours faithfully, D. CHARLESON.

## CHILI BONDS.

The improvement in the price of Chilean and Argentine Stocks, based upon the news that an agreement had been signed between the two countries whereby the boundary question was actually to be submitted to arbitration at last, is more justified in the case of the latter than the former. Chili, it must be borne in mind, is barely out of the throes of a financial crisis, averted only by the shady expedient of an issue of fifty million dollars in paper money, and the out-of-work riots that took place at Valparaiso a couple of months ago are still fresh in everyone's memory. It is doubtful whether the Chileans themselves are at all anxious for the boundary question to be decided by arbitration. An appeal to arms would probably be much more satisfactory to a nation, nearly a quarter of whose subjects are enrolled in the sea or land forces. The settlement of the points in dispute by a number of gentlemen sitting round a green baize table, surrounded with maps and treaty parchments, would be entirely distasteful to the militant spirit of the people, and, considering how long the two countries have been spoiling for a fight with each other, we can hardly hope that the danger is quite over yet, lamentable and senseless as a conflict would be. But even when it is finally fixed where Chili begins and Argentina ends, it will take some years before the former country can recover from the financial and commercial strain which now presses upon it, partly as a result of the failure to introduce a gold standard, partly in consequence of the fears of rupture about the frontier. We do not think that war will be allowed to break out, but, all the same, Chilean bonds present no attractions to us as an investment at the present time.

## THE CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Three or four weeks ago we devoted considerable attention in our 'City Notes' to the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railways, when we pointed out that the settlement of the rate question then announced was more in the nature of an agreement between the Canadian Pacific and the Northern American lines than between the two Canadian Companies. Considering that Canadas have reached nearly 93 this year, we still contend that at 89 the shares are cheap both in relation to the yield they return to an investor and the prospects of the line. It is, of course, well known that the Canadian harvest is a very good one this year, and by settling the freight troubles with its American competitors the Canadian Pacific is placed in a much better position as regards earnings than the Grand Trunk, whose weekly traffic decreases are now becoming painfully monotonous. A glance at a short table of top-and-bottom prices this year is interesting. We add a column giving the last dividend paid in each case—



SHAFT-HEAD OF THE CHAMP D'OR MINE.

|                       | Highest.         | Lowest.          | Last Dividend.                      |
|-----------------------|------------------|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Canadian Pacific ...  | 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 74               | 2 dollars Sept. '98                 |
| Grand Trunk First ... | 78 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. April '91 |
| " Second ...          | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. April '88   |
| " Third ...           | 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. April '81 |
| " Guaranteed ...      | 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 70               | 4 per cent. Sept. '98               |
| " Ordinary ...        | 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  | 7                | None yet                            |

The Grand Trunk stocks are gradually approximating to the lower levels, with the exception of the 4 per cent. Guaranteed, which we



have persistently advised as a substitute for the First Preference stock. It is becoming more and more certain that "Firsts" will not get the fondly expected full 5 per cent. at the end of the current half-year, and traffics between now and the end of December compare with "takes" last year, which included only one week when the return fell below £100,000. The Guaranteed stock at 79 pays an investor about a sixteenth over 5 per cent., and, if any dividend falls to the First Preference, the price of Guaranteed will probably move up to the neighbourhood of par. A final settlement of the rate war would, of course, send Firsts spinning upwards; but it is doubtful whether the rise could be maintained, whereas the senior security is likely to hold its own in much more reliable fashion.

The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent—

#### THE POSITION OF KAFFIRS.

The position of Kaffirs has materially changed since I last wrote on Rand gold stocks towards the end of April. At that time prices had a sharp relapse, due chiefly to the Spanish-American hostilities, but a few days afterwards, when the final issue of the war was already apparent, Kaffirs went soaring with other markets. Since the beginning of May there have been only moderate fluctuations. The general tendency of the Kaffir Market has been upwards, some stocks being now at the highest points for the year, and the majority being very near the highest points. The attempts of the "big houses" to put up prices have been just as obvious as were the efforts to depress the market eighteen months or two years ago, the reason for the changed tactics being, of course, that the financiers are now in the position of sellers rather than buyers, having loaded themselves up with gold stocks at low prices in the great slump.

Several powerful "bull" combinations exist in both London and Johannesburg, but, though they have been able to drag up many things to selling points, they have not, as yet, been able to offload any quantity of shares upon the public, whose experience of the Kaffir Market in the past has, on the whole, been unpleasant. Barnatos and Robinson stocks have not gone with the rest of the market. The former have been like a party without a policy since poor Barney's death, and as for Mr. J. A. Robinson's ventures, although the periodical strike of a new reef on Randfontein Estate comes into evidence as regularly as the primroses, the proved unpayability of great portions of Randfontein under existing conditions has damped all concerned. Mr. Robinson has turned "agin the Government" of his old friend Mr. Kruger, and the Robinson Bank has been a seller of Randfonteins on every rise. Barnatos, which were wont to be in the front of any rise, seem at last to be on the spire. The more reputable stocks, such as Primroses, Ginsbergs, Barnato Consolidateds, and Glencairns, have commenced to improve, but the financiers of this group have their work cut out for them in attempting to revive such worn-out gambling counters as Buffelsdoorns, Langlaagte Royals, Ceresus, Heidelberg-Roodepoorts, and even Consolidated Investments.

The "bull" combinations who have been operating lately in the Kaffir Market have turned their attention chiefly to two classes of stocks—deep-levels and the gilt-edged outcrops. They have one important factor in their favour. Profits have lately been greatly increased at numbers of mines by means of the new process, which successfully treats slimes, and in course of time every company will take advantage of the process, just as everyone now treats its tailings by cyanide. Profits are and will be for a time abnormal, for the simple reason that there are large quantities of slimes stored at all the older mines, and the treatment of these will go on for the next twelve or eighteen months. When each mine has only its current production of slimes to treat, profits will fall to their normal rate. It need hardly be pointed out that only the older mines have sufficient slimes stored to affect their rate of profit.

The Geldenhuis Estate is a good illustration of a mine which is making abnormal profits out of its stored slimes. It is treating over four thousand tons a month, and is netting over £2000 clear profit—£24,000 per annum. Simultaneously with the occurrence of this new source of profit the Geldenhuis reefs have improved in width and value; hence the company is in a remarkably good position, earning £20,000 and £22,000 per month, and hence the big rise in the shares. But I have tried to make it clear that a profit of £2000 per month from slimes will not be kept up for more than a period of eighteen months, and as there have been rich and poor zones alternately in this mine from the outcrop downwards, the present improvement in the reefs is most likely to give place before long to a lower grade of ore and less big reefs. The mine has a short life, and the investor or speculator who buys the shares at from £6 to £6 10s. could only do so in the belief that the present rate of profits will be kept up. Some of the financial journals show such woeful ignorance in regard to the Rand that there is some excuse for the investor being led astray. In the *Saturday Review*, for example, I find a standing table dealing with Transvaal mines full of the grossest inaccuracies and misstatements. In this table, the life of the Geldenhuis is guessed, quite fairly, at seven years, but the idea of this mine paying 100 per cent. for each of those seven years is simply absurd. The present high-pressure rate of profits may be kept up for another year, possibly a little longer, but afterwards down will go the monthly rate of profits once more.

The Crown Reef is another mine which is making considerable profit out of its old slimes. The Robinson is netting about £3000 per month from this source, and the Simmer and Jack is clearing about £1500 per month. Other mines which are using the process are the Ferreira, Crown Deep, Geldenhuis Deep, Rose Deep, Village Main, and Consolidated Main Reef. Before long every mine will have its slimes' plant. There is thus the prospect of profits being augmented all round in the near future, and the average mine-manager who puts his best foot forward at such a time may be expected to keep on crushing his best ore to make as grand a *coup* as possible. The "bulls" have in this prospect one of their most favourable points, but the cautious operator will not be carried away by a period of abnormal profits. Dividend "estimates," such as those in the *Saturday*, to which I have referred, are shockingly wide of the mark, and, even if they prove accurate in an odd instance or two for the next twelve months, the investor must never overlook the fact that the period is going to be one of abnormal profits.

Dividend-payers, as a rule, are too dear already, let alone any further rise. Even the estimates above referred to, though they nearly all err in being over- sanguine, show in most cases a miserable return to the investor who buys dividend-paying Kaffirs at present prices. Wemmers, for example, show a net yield of only 5 per cent., and the mistake is made of assuming that this mine can go on earning 150 per cent. per annum for ten years. The richest ore will be used up in much less than ten years, and the poor main reef may keep the mill going some years longer, but it will show scanty profits. A similar remark applies to numbers of other mines. The patient investor who can wait will yet be able to pick up many of the so-called high-class Kaffirs at lower prices, though strong endeavours will be made by the "bull" combinations to offload on the public as speedily as possible. Various amalgamations and reconstructions with this object in view are now on the cards—for example, the amalgamation of the Goldfields and its deep-level subsidiary, the details of which read somewhat like an attempt

to prove that two and two make five. There are a few stocks which may be commended to the investor for purchase on any set-back in the market, in addition to the better-known gilt-edged ones, which are always good—at a price. When I last wrote, in April, Simmer Easts, which I had frequently recommended, were at 40s. Since then they have touched 65s. A powerful clique holds over 200,000 of these shares at 40s., and the moral is obvious. Simmer Wests are in the same hands, and may be bought on any set-back. Glen Deep, which I recommended at from 40s. to 45s., have remained stationary of late at 60s., at which they are dear enough. Robinson Deep seems a good purchase among higher-priced stocks, but, even in this case, the man who waits may be able to buy them cheaper. There is nothing cheaper on the list than the Transvaal Gold Mining Estates, which has just declared its first dividend of 10 per cent. This company owns all the good ground in Lydenburg—some thirty-five miles of auriferous country in a stretch. It is working only on five miles of the ground, but several prospecting parties are opening up the remaining thirty miles, and important developments made be heard of any day.

#### LONDON AND GLOBE.

It was a capital speech made by the Marquis of Dufferin at the Globe meeting, but—the price fell upon it. The cheerful optimism of the speaker, both in his own amusing address and in his written report that was read by Lord Loch, was greeted with constant applause by the large body of shareholders who managed to get into the meeting, and if Mr. Whitaker Wright had been kept in the background it is probable that the shares would not have dropped to 21s. 6d., at which price supporters came to the rescue. Lord Dufferin opened the proceedings with an entertaining account of how it was that he stood at the company's helm, taking the opportunity to disclaim emphatically all connection with the ways of other peers whose names have been a good deal too much before the public of late months. Turning to the position of the London and Globe, the chairman ran rapidly over its assets in what he termed "the various and distinct quarters of the earth which are the scenes of our operations." We think these need to be set out at length to give a fair idea of that loose entry in the balance-sheet as "Shares held in various companies," and which are valued at £1,811,091, after half a million has been reserved for depreciation. Omitting the Baker Street and Waterloo Line, the expenditure upon which forms a separate entry of £105,540, we find the London and Globe has—

Extensive interests in the Hannan's district (W. A.), especially in the Lake View and Ivanhoe Mines.

Other interests in Western Australia now merged in the Standard Exploration Company.

Deep Leads in Victoria, the leases covering some 12,000 acres.

Several copper and nickel mines in New Caledonia.

A very large interest in the British America Corporation.

200,000 shares in the Le Roi Mine, besides others in the East and West Le Roi and Columbia-Kootenay group.

From Baker Street to British Columbia, and thence to Western Australia, seems a pretty far cry, and how the directors can manage so many irons at one time without considerable danger of burning their fingers we cannot see. We fail to see the catch in buying Globes at a premium, and when the new issue is made the price will most likely again recede. At fifteen shillings Globes might be possibly worth attention as a wild speculation.

The question which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has raised, and which Mr. Whitaker Wright has not thought fit to answer, is not one that can be passed over in silence. The honour of such men as Lord Dufferin and Lord Loch demands an answer to the accusation that a company of which they are directors bribed the City Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with a cheque for £406. We appeal to the two noble lords to force an answer from Mr. Whitaker Wright. By-the-bye, what have the auditors to say to that now famous cheque?

*Saturday, Sept. 24, 1898.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. J. B.—We cannot give you the information you ask for. It is very doubtful if anyone here would be inclined to take up such a project as you suggest at present, in addition to which we really cannot find promoters for our correspondents' enterprises.

G. D. M.—We wrote you fully on the 21st inst.

CONSTANT READER.—(1) Cut your loss. (2 and 3). We do not advise averaging in either case.

W. F. W.—Thank you for your essay on banking developments. Our views on the ground covered by what you write will be found in this week's "City Notes."

A. J.—We have several times lately expressed our views on the cycle trade; probably if you had read what we have written, you would not have asked your question. Sell. Our opinion of the tyre company mentioned in your postscript is very poor.

OVERHEAD.—We really cannot in these columns discuss with you the probable future price of silver, the value of the rupee, and all the intricate questions raised by your interesting letter.

The arrangements for the amalgamation of the City Bank with the London and Midland are now stated to be complete, and the name proposed for the new institution is the London, City, and Midland Bank.

Bexhill-on-Sea bids well to become a formidable rival to both Eastbourne and Hastings. It has made most rapid strides of late years, and land having frontage to or views of the sea is most difficult to secure. Speculators may be interested to know that sixty-nine plots of the choicest land in Bexhill will be sold by auction by Messrs. Douglas Young and Co. on Wednesday. The land is situated within two minutes' walk of the proposed new railway station.